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A TEAR OF MEMORY.

BY J. B. K.

Beneath an aged oak we parted,
And there we vow'd to meet again;
For sure we felt, though broken-hearted,
Love would not die between us twain.
With but few sunny hours to cheer us,
The dial of life's morn had stood;
But still we fancied brighter near us—
The young heart ever looks to good.

Under the oak where we did sever,
Oft did the flower of summer bloom;
But we beneath its shade met never—
I was far off, she in the tomb.
Yet, to that lonely spot oft wending,
There do I drop an unseen tear;
In sacred memory fondly blending
It with the tears she once shed there.

Was She Avenged?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S POWER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

NICOLA did not answer him until the man had departed in quest of something else for the table; then she turned upon him angrily—"Lognor!" she said; "do you know the style of place it is? A nest for tired parsons, and a playground for the large families of impecunious officers for three months in the year, and the other nine a desert."

"I know all that," he answered.

"And do you expect me to vegetate in such a place?"

"I invite you to come there with me, but I will not unduly press you?"

"In Heaven's name, man," she cried, "do you want to drive me mad?"

"I cannot tell you where I may wish to drive you to. I am only just beginning to realize where you have driven me. But I hold to my point. I go to Lognor."

"And how long am I to stay there?"

"For the winter, if you wish to please me, or any shorter term, if you only wish to please yourself."

An angry retort was on her lips, but at that moment the waiter returned with some glasses and plates upon the tray, and Nicola took refuge in flight.

Having gained her bedroom, she closed and locked the door, and, opening her writing-case, hurriedly penned the following letter—

"Dear George—I want your advice sorely. Matters have not gone quite so well as we expected. The dove has a stronger beak than I expected, and pecks fiercely. Will you call upon me here to-morrow, say, at three, when A. will be out, if I have any management of his movements. If not, can you make it convenient to run down next week to Lognor? Yours sincerely, N."

This she sealed, and addressed to "Captain Dalton, Raffles' Club," and, on her way down to dinner, gave it to one of the servants to post. When she re entered the dining-room her husband had begun his dinner.

"I feared you were fatigued," he said, sweetly, "and did not wait. Will you forgive me, dear?"

She bowed slightly, and took her seat. The waiter, who had marked their air, and put his own interpretation upon it, asked if she would take sherry. She replied in the affirmative, and during the meal drank with very unladylike freedom. Adrian drank freely too.

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The introduction Cecil Crawshaw offered to Tom Mowbray took place the next day, when they encountered Mrs. Lawson and Vida on the Parade. Tom, was, as he said, a general lover, and an admirer of womankind as a whole, but had not hitherto bestowed much earnest thought upon them individually. The introduction to Vida appeared to open up a new chapter of life to him.

Having traveled and seen the world, he was not troubled either with bashfulness or awkwardness; and he strove with considerable success to make himself agreeable—devoting his energies mainly to Vida. The minor canon perforce had to entertain Mrs. Lawson during the quarter of an hour they walked together, but he felt very much dissatisfied with everything and everybody, and did a great deal to rub off the gilt of the impression he had made on the previous day.

"Mr. Crawshaw is not so generally entertaining as I thought he was," Mrs. Lawson remarked to Vida; "he does not improve upon acquaintance. How do you like his friend?"

"Very much," Vida replied; "he is agreeable and has traveled. There is no lack of animation in him as there is in so many of the young men we meet nowadays."

"You speak like a woman of the world, Vida. Which of the two do you like best?"

"I must have time to think about that, my dear mother. Yesterday, I thought Mr. Crawshaw all that a man need be; to day I think the same of Mr. Mowbray."

"Suppose one should be in love with you,"—Vida shrugged her shoulders; "or both?"

"Why, dearest mother, why talk so absurdly? It would be useless for either to fall in love with me, as I do not intend to——"

"It is you who are now talking absurdly. Do you intend to throw away your whole life because Adrian Waverham was not all you deemed him to be?"

"I never think of him now—or, very seldom," said Vida, quietly. "But I have no idea of being made the sport of man for a second time."

"Well, Vida, do as you please," replied Mrs. Lawson. "But if there comes in your way a man who loves you, and whom you think you could love, don't say no to him—single blessedness is more often single misery than not."

"And that is your advice, dear mother?"

"My honest advice."

"I'll think of it; but I must be sure of his heart and mine before I bind myself again."

Vida, notwithstanding her reserve, had thought a little about the two handsome men who had been thrown in her path. Their admiration could not fail to be known to her, for there is an instinct in these matters that acts as a guide, no matter how the emotion may be covered by affected indifference. Men are not impulsive, or, if they are, it is bad form to show, and neither Cecil Crawshaw nor Tom Mowbray thought for a moment that they had let their secret out.

But out it was, although Vida was not a woman of the world seeking for admiration and ready to recognize it, sometimes where it did not exist. No purer thoughts ever graced the mind of woman than were in her, but love, like murder, will out—and what lay in the hearts of her worshippers was dear to her as the sun at noon.

She thought it over with no sensation of gratified vanity, but soberly and earnestly as she would have dwelt upon a problem. "What was to be the end of it? Was their love lasting, and would she ever be able to return it in either case?" Thinking over the latter question, she conjured up the form of Cecil Crawshaw.

In a week the meetings were constant, and twice the young men and Mrs. Lawson and Vida formed a party for a drive. Step by step both lovers advanced in their attentions to Vida, and step by step their friendship receded. When the little god shoots his arrows the wounds he makes are dangerous to friendship, and the two men, who had been fast friends in days gone by, began to feel that it would be possible to hate each other.

One day they went to the old Roman Camp for a quiet picnic. It was such a day as writers invariably associate with the tropics—a cloudless sky, a scorching sun, and a breathless air. Tom and Cecil occupied two hours in making a bower of boughs, which they broke off from the trees below, for Mrs. Lawson and Vida. It would have been absolutely dangerous to sit in the open air, and there was something delightfully primitive as well as useful in the shelter, which the two young men had erected.

"I think this beast your modern houses of bricks and mortar," Tom said.

"On such a day as this," said Mrs. Lawson quickly; "but we occasionally have chilly weather, and I fancy there would be too much ventilation here."

"We must take the light and dark side of things as they come," Tom said; "and if anything happens to me—"

"Good gracious, what are you beginning upon, Tom?" said Cecil, with some show of irritation. "If anything happens to you, indeed! Don't let us be funereal with such a glorious sunshine about us."

"I am not funereal," replied Tom, composedly; "I was only saying if anything happens to me,"—here he looked at Vida,—"if I should find it to my advantage to leave England, I shall go to some place where I can return to the primitive habits of the ancients."

"It is a common aspiration," said Cecil, "founded upon discontent; man is never satisfied."

"I hope you are not going to quarrel," said Vida, with laughter in her eyes.

"Why not have an arbitration?" suggested Mrs. Lawson; "it is plain that you hold adverse opinions on the subject,—Mr. Crawshaw is for the present, and Mr. Mowbray for the past. The question is, which is the better state of man?"

"The present," said Cecil.

"The past," said Tom.

"What advantage had our forefathers in living in darkness?" asked Cecil.

"Perhaps they had more light than we give them credit for," said Tom; "they were hearty and strong, and they lived in the open air. The men and women of the past were men and women—"

"What are they now?" asked Cecil, scornfully.

"Oh, we have some good types left yet," said Tom, easily.

"Among which you include yourself?"

"I do not wish to exclude you—"

"Really," said Vida; "we are getting out side the question. Suppose somebody lights a fire, and I will make the tea."

Tom sprang up, and he and Vida were busy together while Cecil helped Mrs. Lawson to spread the cloth and arrange the viands. He was silent, and appeared more gloomy than he had ever shown himself before.

"I fear you are not well, Mr. Crawshaw," Mrs. Lawson remarked.

"I am well enough," he said; "but Tom's nonsense irritates me. I don't like men with coarse, savage instincts."

"But are savage instincts always coarse?"

"Not necessarily so, but I hate to hear a civilized man rail at civilization."

"Is it a new thing in him?"

"I can't say it is," replied Cecil; "he was always odd, even when a boy. I remember his running away from school and living by himself for three days in a lonely wood. He was brought back with a horrible cold on him. It afterwards turned to fever, and I should have thought that that would have sufficed to knock all that nonsense out of him."

"You have always been good friends," said Mrs. Lawson.

"Always; but I suppose there comes a time when men diverge from each other. Friendship, like other earthly things, is liable to perish."

"A strange thing to hear from you, Mr. Crawshaw. I should rather have expected to hear you advocate its lasting properties."

"Well, I suppose I am talking a little out of my usual track. Perhaps I am changing towards Tom, or he towards me. Anyhow, we are not quite the same."

And he sighed dolorously as he put the popper pot in its place and proceeded to unpack the salad.

Mrs. Lawson did not smile as many might have done, had they understood as readily as she did what was working within him. No nature is absolutely free from jealousy, and Cecil was undoubtedly getting jealous, although he knew it not. When Vida, followed by Tom carrying the kettle, appeared, he almost scowled.

But evil passions were things he fought against, and soon he grew lighter. Vida did not allow Tom to monopolize her entirely, and the minor canon came in for a full share of her smiles.

They were in no hurry to go home until the sun had dipped behind a hill, and there was a promise of heavy dew. Even then they lingered, for it seemed to more than one as if that were the last time they would ever spend such pleasant hours together.

And the last of the time had been very pleasant indeed. Cecil forgot his jealousy, and Tom had some secret sources of content that kept his face beaming with smiles. Light laughter made music in the camp, where the grim Romans had often rested from their murderous labors in the dim and distant past.

They had come thither in a hired vehicle, but without a coachman. Tom drove, and he was responsible for the horse and waggonette; and he had thoughtlessly given the horse full liberty to range where it would, with the usual result. The beast had wandered on, and when the time came to depart, could nowhere be seen.

The land round about was very uneven, with hillocks on every side and wood in every direction. Beyond the camp, on the side opposite to Lognor, there was a wide stretch of such country, and looking for a horse, without being certain of the direction he had taken, might prove to be a trying and fruitless task.

"The question is," said Tom, as he stood up and peered about him, "which way did the brute go?"

"I think," said Cecil, "that he went in that direction," pointing to a path that led northwards; "at all events, it was grazing there."

"He came back from there," returned Tom, doubtfully; "what a fool I was not to tether him. Anyhow, I am responsible, and here goes to find him."

And off he set with a mighty stride down the hill, with a feeling the reverse of tender for the unconscious beast burning in his heart.

CHAPTER IX.

Tom had a long hunt for the wandering beast, but eventually found it lying in a hollow in a state of sweet content. It

made no attempts to elude him, and having been secured, was duly led back in triumph. The sun had set by that time, and the moon was rising with a lot of mist about the horizon.

Mrs. Lawson had prudently brought shawls and the ladies were well wrapped up, but after the heat of the day the mists were chilling, and they were not sorry to see Tom returning with the lost steed. Mrs. Lawson took her seat in the vehicle, but Vida and Cecil continued to walk up and down talking in an undertone.

"Come and help me with the harness, Crawshaw," cried Tom. "I don't think there is any time to lose."

But Cecil did not hear him, he was too much occupied with what Vida was saying, and yet there was nothing of very great interest in it, and Tom, biting his lips, put the harness on with a display of temper that was very unusual in him. Of course he put straps into the wrong places, and buckled in too short or too long; but having taken her seat they started.

"Shall I drive, Mowbray?" said Cecil, with feeble courtesy.

"No, thank you, Crawshaw," was the short reply.

"Then, if you don't mind, I think I will ride behind with the ladies."

Tom did mind, but he was too proud to say so, and turning the horse's head, drove sharply off, barely giving Cecil time to spring in behind. It used to be "Cecil" and "Tom" with them, but they had got to surnames, which is a sure sign that friendship is cooling.

Having deposited the ladies at their door, Tom would have driven off to the stables, leaving Cecil there, but the latter was in too good a humor to encourage disagreeables. Really the drive back with Vida had been very pleasant indeed, and he was quite sorry for Tom. Jumping in at the back he clambered over into the front seat, and putting out his cigar-case, offered him a cigar.

Matters had not come to their worst yet, and the offer was accepted.

"I hope you enjoyed yourself to-day," said Tom.

"Passably," replied Cecil; "but we should have done better with a larger company."

"Ah! that is what we wanted," rejoined Tom; "to me it appeared as if there was something lacking. Anyhow I had some exercise. I believe I tramped fifty miles in search of this noble animal."

They both laughed, and now that the cause of the temporary irritation between them was no longer present, they fell into their familiar friendly way and dined together, much as they did in their college days. Afterwards they had a game of billiards, which is, perhaps, a most unclerical game, but if played without any gambling tendency, and in good company, is not, perhaps, a sin that is without forgiveness.

Cecil Crawshaw, as I have already stated, was not one of those clergymen who make much profession of being above carnal leanings. The world was a very pleasant place if people would only endeavor to make it so, and he could not affect to despise the good gifts which the Creator has sent for man. Therefore, a good dinner and a little harmless enjoyment with a friend were things he declined to recognize as things forbidden.

But the morning brought a change of feeling again. Love again began to show its power, and friendship waned. Tom saw that Cecil was in his way, and Cecil feared that Tom would prove to be an obstacle in his path.

Neither, in fact, has a just right to complain of the other, for Vida had not given encouragement enough to warrant his building substantial hope thereon; but men in love too often use sand for a foundation, and then marvel when their structures fail.

The effect of the meditation they indulged in was visible when they met at breakfast, in the absence of that thorough geniality, that frankness which shows friendship to be without alloy.

Again there dawned in the mind of Cecil the possibility of a day to come when a grief would separate them for ever. Rivals in love can never be friends when one has gained the victory.

"Shall we stroll on the Parade this morning, or take a walk in the country?" said Cecil.

"I can do neither," replied Tom. "I have letters to write."

"Put them off until to-morrow."

"Can't be done, my dear fellow."

So Cecil went for his walk alone, perfectly satisfied that Tom had either no letters to write or that his letters could have been allowed to wait. On his return he had to pass the house where Mrs. Lawson was staying, and, glancing in the upper window, he saw Tom seated with Vida, both so engrossed in their conversation that they did not hear him.

"His letters were all humbug," Cecil muttered, as he passed on.

He did not go to his rooms to luncheon that day, but brooded over a basin of soup at the hotel. He was angry with Tom, angry with himself, and not satisfied with Vida. Unreasonably he considered that she ought to be more decided in her demeanor towards them, to accept one or the other, shutting his eyes to the probability that she might not be disposed to accept either.

But above all there was the dark thought about which he could have no doubt, and that was a conviction that ere long he would hate his old schoolfellow with all his heart.

The idea was agony to Cecil Crawshaw, for he had a clerical horror of tumultuous angry passions, but he knew it must be so. To fly from what was coming he must leave Lognor—leave Vida—and he felt he could do neither. He could no more wrench himself away than the needle remove itself from the magnet.

In a little more than a week it had come to this, but it seemed as if he had been in love for months. The passion was new to him, as it was to Tom Mowbray, and it held both chained to the place, paradoxically shortening the hours they spent with Vida, yet lengthening their days.

One evening the young men strolled out after supper to have a cigar. In their first burst of friendship they had decided upon staying in the same house, and by mere force of habits and a certain feeling of diffidence in doing anything openly to destroy the old friendship, they still went out much together. But the time had now come for the separation.

Having lighted their cigars, they walked down the almost deserted Parade for awhile in silence. A pale moon rested upon the sea, which lightly rose and fell in a windless air. The Heavens were studded with stars. It was a night for calm and holy thoughts, but the hearts of both these men were filled with worldly fires.

"Tom," said Cecil, suddenly, "when is this to end. We can't go on as we are for ever?"

"That's true," Tom replied, "and I thank you for speaking of it. Will you give her up."

"I can't—I wish I could, in one way, for I feel that I have fallen below the standard I set for myself."

"You need not drag pulpit talk into it. The plain fact is this. We are both in love with Vida Lawson. Query, what follows?"

"Nothing may follow," replied Cecil, curtly; "and have the goodness not to speak of pulpit talk. There is nothing sanctimonious about me, but I am at liberty to have aspirations, I hope."

"Oh! certainly," said Tom, drily, "you can aspire to anything, even to marrying Vida—but you won't if I can help it."

"I will try to win her in spite of you," said Cecil, "but I can't go on as we have done. If it is to be a fair stand-up fight between us we mustn't each work in one way. It is perfectly ridiculous both of us dangling at her heels."

"Just my opinion; one at a time would be better. I should say that, together, we do little but confuse and worry her."

"You give her no rest, and your neglect of Mrs. Lawson is abominable."

"But, there, you see I am a man of the world, and have no dealings with the higher graces."

"Another sneer at my cloth. It is unworthy of you, Tom."

"Perhaps it is—but I am not what I used to be. You may thank yourself for it, too. All you fellows arrogate to yourselves a sort of moral superiority to us ruder men of the world, and by George! it is an impertinence. But look here—don't let us quarrel. We will separate. I will get myself some rooms to-morrow and begin to lay siege independently. I am really sorry, old fellow; but why the deuce could not you fall in love with somebody else?"

"A nice question for you," groaned Cecil; "did I not fall in love with her first."

"You had four and twenty hours' start, certainly; but in love that is hardly a start at all. But, old fellow, don't let us wrangle and quarrel. Let us go in and fight fair, and no animosity whoever wins."

"Of course not," said Cecil, heartily; and shaking hands upon it as they reached their door, they parted for the night—and parted for ever.

CHAPTER X.

THE next morning brought a very unwelcome letter to Cecil Crawshaw. It was from one of the canons in residence, calling him back to duty at once. The minor canon who was doing duty in his absence had been taken ill, and, much as it was to be regretted, the immediate recall of Cecil was imperative.

It was a great blow and a heavy trial to him, and, had he been a weak-minded man, he might not have borne up against it, but he was made of Spartan stuff, and set his face boldly towards the path of duty.

"Some men are born to what are called the ills of life," he said, as he hastily packed his things; "and it is useless to kick against the pricks."

There was no time to spare, as he was expected to leave by the 9.30 train so as to be at the cathedral in time for morning service; but he squeezed a few moments to write a letter to Mrs. Lawson, explaining the cause of his hasty departure, which he entrusted to his landlady to deliver.

"And you will take it early, please?" he said.

"I'll take it at once, sir," the woman replied.

But, when he was gone, she put the letter on the mantelpiece while she "tidied the room a bit," and then she took it from the mantelpiece while she dusted the ornaments, and put it into an unused teacaddy for a few minutes so that it did not get dirty, and would be "sure to remember she put it there," and then she went about other household duties, finally forgetting it altogether.

So there was some wonderment and a little pain of him to go away without a word, and Mrs. Lawson was inclined to be angry.

"Perhaps he thought he had gone too far," she thought, "and wished to withdraw before he fully committed himself. What poor stuff men now a days are made of!"

The visitors generally did not trouble themselves much about the absence of the minor canon, although he was a favorite, for the time for departure had set in, and many of the families were leaving; but to Tom Mowbray it was an insoluble puzzle.

"To shirk the fight, after taking his coat off," he said, "is not like Cecil Crawshaw."

On the whole Tom felt that he had reason to congratulate himself, for the field was now clear for him to operate in. He had no rival in the field, and could, in a metaphorical sense, "walk over" the ground.

Tom was not what the world calls a conceited man, but when he looked into the glass he could not fail to see that nature had been kind to him, and given him a handsome face and figure, and the experience of his past life had shown him that his society had never failed to prove acceptable to the fair sex. If Tom had been a libertine he might have had many conquests to boast of, but that was a role he had never cared to play. He had always found sufficient pleasure in semi-platonic love-makings, that were very sentimental, very delightful, but very harmless.

For Vida he felt what was really a passion compared to the mixed love-making that he had hitherto indulged in, and visions of a life of happiness with her haunted his waking and sleeping hours. He pictured her as the mistress of his ancestral home, which he had not cared to live in since he had inherited it; and he thought how well some twenty odd thousand pounds, lying as a surplus at his bankers, would be spent in beautifying, decorating and re-furnishing that handsome old house.

"With her," he said, "I could really settle down, and never long to wander again. The only question—will she have me?"

To solve this, he devoted the few days following the departure of Cecil; but his success in getting at Vida's heart was not conscious. They were very good friends, could scarcely have been better, and she undoubtedly enjoyed his society, but there it seemed to end. And furthermore he noticed that since he had the field to himself, Vida had quietly put up another invisible barrier—a sort of moral ha-ha—that kept him to the friendship side of it, and when he attempted to glide into the sentimental, she suddenly found something to engage her attention.

"On my word," he muttered, as he walked alone on the evening of a third day; "I believe if I were to talk to her seriously of love, she would treat is as a joke. Now this comes of cultivating the art of being an agreeable rattle—that is what I am called, I believe; and now I think of it, there is something especially aggravating in being called a rattle—it has such a tinkering sound—"

Then his mind went upon another tack, and he wondered if Vida was exercising the ordinary arts of woman upon him. Coldness and indifference have been known to stimulate sluggish lovers, and it might be her object to rouse his passion to the highest, and then allow him to propose.

"For she must have seen that I admire her," he mused, "and yet, like Cecil, I can't think her a schemer. If she is—then what is the rest of womankind?"

In the end he resolved to know which way it was to be; whether he was to be the happy lover and husband, or the wretched, rejected suitor. He had pushed his way through a jungle declared to be impassable before that day, and he was not to be daunted by such impediments as Vida had put in his path.

When an opportunity is sought earnestly, it is generally found. Tom watched for two days without getting his chance, but it came unexpectedly at last. He found Vida seated upon the beach, reading, and alone. It was really as if it had been arranged for him.

"I hope that Mrs. Lawson is not unwell," he said, as he sat down beside her with the air of a similar friend; "it is so unusual to find you alone."

"No; mamma is shopping," Vida replied; "and really, that is one thing I have a horror of."

"A woman who will not shop is a crown to her husband," said Tom; and then, feeling that he had touched upon a tender subject with a roguish hand, he pulled up suddenly, and was silent. Vida's eyes roamed back to her book, and stealing a glance at her, he saw that she was struggling to suppress a laugh.

He could have groaned aloud but for that being ludicrous also, but he had gained his opportunity, and he could not let it go by—once and for all he would know his fate.

"Miss Lawson," he said, speaking quietly, even to seriousness, "is your book so very interesting?"

"Not at all," she answered. "It is really a marvel to me who writes such nonsense. It is called a seaside novel, and it appears to me that the writers think people at watering places must be very easy to please."

"What is the book about?" Tom asked.

"Oh! the usual nonsense," replied Vida, with a gentle raising of the shoulders. "Love-making, quarreling, misunderstanding and a happy marriage in the end. That is a fair outline of it, I believe. I have just entered upon the misunderstanding, and then I think I shall stop."

"You do not believe in the happy explanations, and so on, of the novel writers?"

"I think that, if lovers quarrel and part, they had best keep apart," Vida said.

"You think if they do not agree before marriage they will not afterwards?"

"Just so. Quarrelling shows that there is something inharmonious in their natures, and they had better go their separate ways. What good can come of two instruments out of tune jangling for years together."

"But if in harmony, how beautiful the existence," said Tom; "it is worth the risk of making a mistake."

"Do you think so?"

"I would gladly make it, Miss Lawson—Vida—I—I— trust you will give me a hearing. Let me plead my cause? I am not a courtier, and words of love don't roll trippingly from my tongue; but I assure you that I do love you, that I have loved you from the moment I saw you, and if you will be my wife I will do all that man can to make your life a happy one."

His words were commonplace enough, but they had the true ring of passion in them, and as he poured them out in a low, intense tone, his eyes looked into hers hungering for love's response. But he saw nothing there to satisfy him.

"Perhaps, you may think that I have spoken hastily," he continued, interrupting her as she was about to answer him; "but I feared I might lose you. Oh! Vida, if your answer is to be kind, let me have it, but if otherwise, pause ere you utter it. Take time to consider. I can wait, will wait, until any day you may name, only do not shut out all hope."

"Mr. Mowbray," Vida said, throwing her soft, sympathetic eyes upon him, "you cannot tell how you have grieved me. How sorry I am to hear you talk in this way."

"Why should you be sorry?"

"Because I believe you are a man of deep feelings and are very much in earnest. I wish I could think that you were jesting."

"Jesting!" he exclaimed, "on such a subject, and with you?"

"As things are it would have been better."

"And am I to take that as an answer?" he asked, in a low tone.

"If you please," she replied. "Oh! I am so sorry."

The depth of her true compassion for him was marvellous in his eyes—but he knew so little of her real history. Those who have suffered have always keener pity for those in pain.

"I must accept my fate," he said, drawing a deep breath and looking straight ahead over the quiet sea. "It is not more bitter than that of many others. You may be easy about me, Miss Lawson, I shall never resume the subject again."

"We shall be friends, I hope," she said.

"You can never be less to me than you are now," he said; and taking her proffered hand, he raised it to his lips. Then he bowed and left her.

"I wish she had laughed at me, after all," he muttered as he strode along; "I could have borne it better. But that sweet soft look in her eyes will haunt me while I live. Whither now will you go, careless Tom Mowbray? What do you say to a turn among the Indians and the buffaloes? You will have the chance of being scalped or tossed out of existence. Yes, I think the buffaloes will do."

That night he was gone from Lognor, and Vida had lost both the friends she had learnt to appreciate. They came upon her like the soft breeze of the morning and left her like the last rays of the sun at eve. Night had fallen upon her life again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AFTER BARGAINS.

A SHOP assistant who is endowed with any sense of humor cannot fail to be amused at the conduct of women who attend what are commonly termed "sales." The way in which well-to-do ladies will scramble and fight for bargains simply astonishes the novice, while the older hands smile as they think that the purchasers could have obtained many of the same articles at the price they are now paying for them up to within a week of the commencement of the sale.

On the day before the sale is to begin, the goods in the window are ticketed with the "sale-price," and no sooner are the "tremendous bargains" seen by members of the fair sex, than they come in and beseech the assistants to forthwith sell them the articles that have taken their fancy.

"I am going away to-morrow; do let me have it," one will urge; while another will vociferously assert that she is a regular customer, and therefore an exception ought to be made in her favor. But all these appeals are in vain, and when the morrow comes, the ladies who are infected with the bargain fever are found patiently flattening their noses against the windows long before the shop is opened; for, as a rule, on the first day of a sale business does not start until an hour after the usual time.

So soon as the catches are released and the doors swing back, a surging crowd of women rush in. They push each other with surprising vigor, and struggle to the counters where the bargains they have set their hearts on are to be found. Sometimes three or four will lay hold of the same article, each glaring at the others as if they were guilty of some deadly crime. I once saw a woman take up a bonnet to try it on. Another woman had laid hold of the long strings which were lying on the counter, and just as bargain hunter number one was about to put the bonnet on her head, bargain hunter number two, who did not see what was happening, jerked it out of her hands. How those women glared at each other to be sure!

An assistant has not much time to observe what is going on around him on such occasions, but I have watched women infected with the bargain frenzy rush from counter to counter, picking up things that have taken their fancy, until at last their arms have been full. Then still more attractive purchases have caught their eye, whereupon they have promptly dropped the result of their first fancy and made a raid upon the later objects of their desire.

Of course, when the customers are in this excited condition, there is a fair opening for the enterprising pickpocket. At a sale cash has to be paid down for all purchases, and consequently those who attend them are generally provided with well-filled purses. At all big shops detectives attend the sales, and they are certainly not out of place on such occasions.

My experience of sales has not impressed me with the wisdom of the public. Women will often pay the full price for what they fondly imagine to be a bargain, while they will turn up their noses at an article that is offered at a genuine reduction.

I remember one striking instance. A mantle of a very marked pattern (a Paris model) had been reduced from 45 dollars to 15 dollars. The reduction was unusually large, because the mantle was of a peculiar shape, and would not commend itself to everyone. A lady, however, was attracted by it, but she declared to the assistant that it had not been reduced at all for the sale. However, at last she agreed to buy it, provided certain alterations were made. To carry out the alterations, they had to send all over London, and eventually to Paris, in order to get a quarter of a yard of silk of a certain shade. And when the mantle was completed, the lady, having repented of her bargain, tried to induce us to take it back, on the ground that the silk didn't match. She did not succeed.

Another case was a very curious one. An apprentice had gone to the window to take out a mantle for a customer. The ticket on it, marked "12 dollars," got caught on another mantle, the sale price of which was 35 dollars. Immediately a woman came in and demanded the mantle, and the head of the firm, on being appealed to, pointed out to the woman how the mistake had occurred, but said that if she insisted she must have the mantle at the lower figure. She did insist, and in a few minutes returned with another woman, who wanted a similar mantle at the same price.

"If you can sell one to my friend at that figure, why can't you sell one to me?" she demanded; and because the principal declined to give way a second time, the pair of women created quite a disturbance.

My opinion is that members of the fair sex do not, as a general rule, appear to advantage when they attend sales. And I have had a good deal of personal experience in these matters.

IT CAME BACK.

IT WAS transmigration," said the Chevalier. "For one moment the soul of the cat was hers."

All evening the thing stole about the rooms—a large, yellow striped feline. It preferred the larger room at the rear, where the lights were subdued.

The Chevalier first caught sight of the cat in the dressing-room above, outside the window of which it stood and glared in upon his six feet of tinsel and velvet. He stood straight—surprised, amused at the two greenish yellowish headlights of his critic behind the glass.

Two strides brought him to the window, and he threw it open. "You are not in costume, my friend, but I invite you to the ball!" And the cat stepped softly over the sill.

The Chevalier met his lady at the stair, a very small lady not reaching to his shoulder.

And the cat carefully followed down. It circled them at the door and entered first; moved, velvety, quite to the centre of the brightly lighted room and stood there, unannounced, stared at, in its turn, by all the curiously or beautifully arrayed ladies and gentlemen ranged against the walls. There was an amused hush, and then as some one jumped forward—"scat!" hissed through the silence. Like a flash the cat darted down the long rooms into the dimness.

And the ball began.

The Chevalier and his lady danced—up the long rooms swept the gay couples, hand in hand, one behind the other—a festoon of color. And sinuously creeping after, hugging the wall, clinging to the margin of the wainscot, the cat followed. Always in a line with the Chevalier and the lady, always its yellow eyes fixed upon them.

When the waltz came, it sprang upon the upright piano. Gently shaking with the vibration of the instrument, it sat there statuesque, but for the turning of the eyes en route with its couple, and when they whirled past, a raise of the tail, a snake-like curl and fall of it over the end of the piano.

The Chevalier seated the lady on a divan in the shadow—the cat had crept along the wall and insinuated itself between them. "We will promenade," said the Chevalier. But the cat rhythmically followed.

The guests began to wonder.

The lady shuddered. They stood by a window to listen to a song, and the cat had disappeared.

But suddenly a thud came upon the lady's coiffure, and from above the cat dropped, clinging there. The lady uttered a cry; the Chevalier caught the beast, holding it at length with his long arm—thrust up the window, and it was gone into nothingness.

The ball went on—lights, music, laughter.

Now the guests were scattering. "A last waltz," cried the Chevalier, and they rounded it quite madly.

But in the midst, the lady leapt back alone. For one second she stood under the lights.

The music ceased, all looked to her.

A sinuous spring and she was four feet from the floor, climbing cat-like a range of shelves toward the ceiling. She stood upon the topmost, waving her arms in noiseless undulations, each movement flowing into the other. And a yellow, expressionless glare entered her eyes, fixed on those below. They stood swallowing time.

"Scat!" The word snapped through the tense air—it was the Chevalier.

The crowd relaxed, the lady, up there, ceased moving her arms. She looked down dazedly, dizzily, rubbing her eyes in a lady-like, helpless way.

She clasped her hands, "Oh! how shall I get down!"

"Drop!" cried the Chevalier. And seizing one corner of the Venetian's gown, made a basket—a clown in red striped tights stepped forward to hold the other corner. As she fell the candles sputtered in their sockets, a scuttling sound was heard along the wall of the rooms, and at the open window a wailing "mew!" swept into the outer air. Way below there a yellow-striped bundle of fur lay dead.

ASPIRATION OF GIRLS.—Many intelligent girls, after leaving school, where their compositions have won more than the ordinary meed of praise, have an ambition to become amateur contributors to some popular weekly. A girl of this kind has been known to write a dainty Italian hand, choosing thin paper, written on both sides.

Now and then she takes you into her domestic confidence, and informs you why and wherefore she proposes to become a writer. In the spring this young girl's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of summer resorts and summer correspondence, and she is willing for a consideration to serve in that capacity. She asserts her belief that she can send you something interesting.

By way of emphasis she encloses eighteen pages of foolscap on the last year's summer session of the School of Christian Philosophy, intimating that she will accept your usual terms for it, and when you, O hard-hearted editor, write across the left-hand corner of the first page the terse little legend "unavailable," she doubtless registers you in her memory as an enemy of rising talent and newspaper prosperity.

Now the amateur contributor is not always to be put down, and perhaps the editor has a pang of conscience afterwards, though he knows her work was not up to the mark, but the compensation lies here. Genuine talent, like truth, cannot be extinguished. It cuts its own channels and makes its own way, while obstacles are its discipline.

It is, therefore, not of this first and finest organization that we here write. It is of the multitude of aspiring young women who, with faith in their aspirations, can realize a higher life than the material and mechanical. Some of the rarest natures are of this type.

Not great nor greatly gifted, but with that susceptibility to impressions and power of delicate appreciation which ranks next to the creative ability—while this type of women are not of the heroic order, not of the stuff of which the poets, the novelists, the reformers, are made, they have yet that beautiful gift of interpretation which should be cherished and developed, rather than repressed with the feeling that there is no outlook, no scope, for its development. For to her who is fitted to undertake any work the opportunity comes suddenly and surely.

"MR. SCRIMPLE," said the magnate to the rising young lawyer, "I want to make use of your valuable services."

"Very well, sir," said Scrimple, as he gasped at the joyous prospect of a first brief; "what can I do for you?"

"A firm which competes with my house," replied the magnate, firmly, "is about to bring a damage suit against me, and I want you to get them to engage you as their attorney."

Bric-a-Brac.

HARP.—Two Frenchmen have invented a new kind of harp, made entirely of wood. Instead of strings the inventors use strips of American fir. The sound is produced, as in the ordinary harp, by the contact of the fingers; but the players wear leather gloves covered with rosin. The tone of the instrument is of remarkable purity.

NO MORE INDIARUBBER.—Owing partly to the great demand for it, and partly to the crude and wasteful methods of obtaining it, it is said that the trees from which the best indiarubber is got are gradually dying off. Although excellent processes have been invented for extracting the juice, they have not come into general use. Nor as trees perished have others been planted to take their places. The result, therefore, is that unless instant steps are taken to preserve the remaining forests and replant on a wide scale, the best Brazilian rubber will cease to exist, for commercial purposes at least.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—Mr. Le Fanu tells an amusing story of a man who was knocked down by the buffer of an engine that was shunting some wagons near the station of Bray, in Ireland. It was found that the man was the worse for drink, but, in spite of his folly, he was only very slightly hurt, being stunned for a few minutes. Some porters ran to his help, and one of them cried, "Bring him to the station at once." In his dazed state the man thought they meant the police station, and asked why they wanted to take him there. "You know who I am," he said; "and if I've done any harm to your machine, sure I'm able to pay for it."

AN HEROIC LITTLE BOY.—It is nice to think that heroism knows neither race, clime, nor age. Naturally, however, it seldom happens that very young children can display what may be called heroism; but cases do occur. Here is one which is none the less pleasing that the subject of it was a wee French laddie named Rodolphe Burgues, seven years old. Little Rodolphe saw a child fall into an artificial lake at St. Beziers, in the South of France. Plunging into the water without hesitation, he went to the help of the bairn, getting nearly drowned himself while saving the child. The case, which excited great interest at the time, was reported in the French Journal Officiel, and the small hero received honorable mention for his act of courage and devotion.

ROAMING INDIANS OF BOLIVIA.—In the country of Bolivia, in South America, the native Indians are still to be found in great numbers. They are either miners—for the land is rich in minerals—or else they are wanderers, unable to settle down to any steady occupation. Amongst these roamers the Quichuas are perhaps the most restless. They find it easy to flit from spot to spot in the fertile districts, nor it is hard for them to find food and shelter as they go. Their only trouble is to procure water, at times, for which purpose they all of them carry big earthenware jars, which are filled with the precious liquid whenever they begin a journey and filled again when they reach a spring, or river, or lake. They are well clothed, in spite of the fact that their country is a hot one. For in the highlands there is often severe frost of nights, and warmth is as grateful then as it is to dwellers within the Arctic circle.

A WATER SLIDE.—In Perak, a State in the Straits Settlements, the Malays have one form of amusement which is probably not to be enjoyed anywhere else in the wide world. There is a huge granite slope in the course of a mountain river, down which the water trickles about two inches deep, the main stream having carved out a bed by the side of the boulder. This rock, the face of which has been rendered as smooth as glass by the constant flow of the water during hundreds of years, the Malays—men, women and children—have turned into a toboggan. Climbing to the top of the rock, they sit in the shallow water with their feet straight out and a hand on each side for steering, and then slide down the sixty feet into a pool of water. This is a favorite sport on sunny mornings, as many as two hundred folk being engaged at a time, and sliding so quickly one after another, or forming rows of two, four, and even eight persons, that they tumble into the pool a confused mass of screaming creatures. There is little danger in the game, and though some choose to sit on a piece of plantain, most of the tobogganers are content to squat on their haunches.

AT A DANCE.

MALE.

I wonder now if that is she,
I wish I had the face to try her.
She put the initials—let me see—
I wonder now. If that is she
she must be quite annoyed with me,
It's hardly worth it to walk by her.
I wonder now if that is she;
I wish I had the face to try her.

FEMALE.

That is the man, beyond a doubt;
I've got him down as "freckles, sandy."
I wonder if he'll find me out,
That is the man. Beyond a doubt
He has forgot. I'll go without,
He couldn't dance: his legs are bandy.
That is the man, beyond a doubt,
I've got him down as "freckles, sandy."

IN SILKEN CHAINS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MADGE was back in less time than the allotted five minutes; but, short as was the time, Mr. Levi had a hansom cab waiting at the door.

"You see it now, Miss Gordon?" he said, as they drove away.

"It seems too wonderful, too good, to be true!" Madge murmured. "If it is Mary Marshall, she will be able to point out which is Lord Norman; she will be—oh, if the horse would only go faster!"

"He has nearly run over two persons already," said Mr. Levi, with a smile. "Yes, Mary Marshall has come to England in the hope of finding her scamp of a lover, and when she saw Lord Norman in the studio no doubt at once more mistook him for the man who had deserted her. But only for a moment, of course. All our hopes rest in her. I wish you could have seized her and held on to her till I turned up this morning," he added, with a sigh between his smiles.

They reached Lant street, and Mr. Levi sprang out and rang the rickety bell, and a slipshod woman with a black eye shuffled down the stairs, screeching at a couple of dirty children who were sliding down the balusters.

Mr. Levi raised his hat as if she were a duchess.

"Can I see Miss—Miss"—he turned to Madge as if he had forgotten the name—"I mean the young person, the artist's model. Mary Marshall is her name, isn't it?"

The woman, with her hand up to her black eye in a vain attempt to conceal it, shook her head.

"There ain't no Mary Marshall here," she said; "and there ain't no hartist's model—not now," she added, staring over Mr. Levi's shoulder at Madge. "And if it's tracts you've brought, we don't want 'em; and if it's hinvitations to a tea meeting we don't want to go to any; we like tea at home."

"Quite right, ma'am; so do I," said Mr. Levi sweetly. "We are not district visitors; and we only want to see this young person on a matter of business."

The woman sniffed.

"Then you've come too late, if you mean the young woman as used to sit to stone carvers and hartists. She left last night."

Madge uttered a faint cry, but Mr. Levi still smiled sweetly on.

"That is just what I expected," he said bluntly, at the same time producing, apparently from his left-hand pocket, a bright half-sovereign, and slipping it coaxingly between the woman's exceedingly dirty fingers. "Can you tell us where she has gone?"

"No," said the woman, evidently mollified by the coin, which disappeared as quickly as it had been produced. "No, I can't. She came in late last night, paid up her rent to the end of the week, and went off without a word, 'cepting a curt good-bye."

"Just so," said Mr. Levi, cheerfully. "Could you let us see her room?"

"Well," the woman hesitated. "It ain't usual. I suppose she's been up to something, and you are a detective."

"I am the young lady's long-lost brother," said Mr. Levi touchingly. "Her long-lost brother, and I'm very, very anxious to find her and restore her to her many friends and relatives."

He procured another half-sovereign, which went the way of the first, and the woman led the way up the dirty, rickety stairs.

"Forgive me," murmured Mr. Levi to Madge. "It is quite true, you know. We are all brothers. You hear that in church every Sunday."

The room was an attic. Small and gloomy enough, but scrupulously clean.

"Did my sister take a trunk, portmanteau?" he asked, his keen eyes searching the room.

"Trunk. No!" said the woman, with surprise at and contempt for such a question. "She just did her things up in an apron, as everyone does."

"Exactly," said Mr. Levi. As he spoke he stooped and picked up an old newspaper which was lying on the floor, as if it had been dropped and forgotten in the hurry of packing. "Thank you very much, ma'am. It has been a great comfort to me to see where my poor sister lived. I am sure you must have done all you could for her."

"I've been a mother to her!" the woman broke in eagerly. "Many's the time I've given her a pinch o' tea or 'arf o' bread. And if she's going to turn out a grand lady, and come into money, I hope she, or them as belongs to her, will remember a poor widow."

But Mr. Levi evidently considered the half-sovereign sufficient, for with a gentle smile he wished the woman good-day, and got Madge into the cab again.

The tears of disappointment were in her eyes.

"Oh, what shall we do?" she murmured. "We shall never find her. But, perhaps, it was not Mary Marshall after all."

Mr. Levi looked up from the newspaper which he had unfolded and been studying.

"Oh, yes, it was Mary Marshall," he said, cheerfully. "This is an old Australian paper."

He held it out with his finger indicating a paragraph.

"Here is the advertisement offering the reward for the arrest of Harold Thane."

Madge uttered a faint cry.

"And do you think you will find her? It seems impossible."

"I think you will find her," said Mr. Levi, with a slight emphasis on the "you."

"I?" exclaimed Madge, opening her lovely eyes upon him.

He nodded cheerfully.

"Miss Gordon, you must go down to Chesney, and you must go at once. The change will do Mr. Gordon good, and"—his voice grew soft and cheery—"will do you good, for it is not very far from Dexmouth, where a certain young gentleman lies in jail."

Madge colored and trembled.

"But Mary Marshall?" she faltered.

"Will go to Chesney also," said Mr. Levi, with bland confidence. "You must play amateur detective, Miss Gordon. It is not this kind of work which commands itself to you; but I've an idea that you can't object to do anything that will help Lord Norman. Am I right?"

Madge turned her eyes upon his.

"Tell me what to do!" she breathed.

"Go to Chesney. Watch for Mary Marshall's appearance, and wire to me when you have found her," he said instantly. Then his voice grew grave. "On Mary Marshall's evidence, and hers alone, Lord Norman's safety hangs."

The next day Madge and Mr. Gordon started for Chesney, the old man offering no opposition to the journey; indeed, when he was told their destination he brightened up considerably, and at once set to work to gather up his beloved notes and specimens.

Mr. Gerard accompanied them, and having seen them installed in lodgings in a cottage just outside the village, returned, at Madge's earnest entreaty, to town.

"You must not—must not waste any more of your precious time on us," she murmured, as he held her hand. "When I think of all your kindness, your goodness, my heart overflows with gratitude." And her eyes overflowed, too, as she spoke.

The sculptor grunted and turned his head away, as his strong hand closed over her small one.

"Kindness, goodness; nonsense," he said gruffly, but rather huskily. "I'm like Levi, interested in 'the case;' that's all. Besides, it's pure selfishness. I've got my knife in that impostor of a fellow because he sent for me, as if I were a street acrobat, and am just thirsting for my revenge. Do you see?"

But Madge, as she looked up at him, saw more than that in the large deep eyes, and with a sigh timidly bent and touched his hand with her soft warm lips.

To return to Harold Thane. When he left the Court House with Lady Delamoor and Sybil, he saw Silas Fletcher standing at the corner. Silas caught his eye, and motioned to him, and Thane, having put the ladies in the carriage and promised to drive after them, joined him.

"Well?" said Silas, breathlessly.

"Committed for trial!" said Thane in a whisper, and with a smile.

Silas' small eyes gleamed with malignant satisfaction.

"Committed for trial!" he breathed. "Curse him! We'll give him seven years before we've done with him, eh, Lord Lechmere?"

Thane nodded, but gloomily, and Silas scanned him with almost fierce scrutiny.

"You look as if you'd been committed yourself instead of him," he said, half contemptuously. "What's the matter? Why don't you pull yourself together—drink, or do something?"

Thane scowled at him resentfully.

"You wouldn't look particularly cheerful if you'd just come from the hands of Lazarus Levi," he said between his teeth.

Silas started slightly.

"What? Levi! He's got Levi! How did he manage that?" He was silent a moment, then he laughed savagely.

"What's it matter? All the Levis in the world can't save him. My evidence alone will smash him. Keep that in your mind, my lord." He looked towards the prison with a ferocious light in his basilisk eyes. "He'll never leave that prison till he goes out a convict, or my name isn't Silas Fletcher. You needn't be anxious about the result. And for heaven's sake get rid of that hang-dog face. You were full of bounce when you'd got it all your own way. Show some spirit now the fight's commenced."

Thane swore an oath between his teeth.

"I must have lost all grit if I need lecturing by such as you, Mr. Fletcher," he said savagely. "You play your part in the game, and let me alone to play mine."

But Silas' exhortation bore fruit, and "Lord Lechmere" was never in better form than he was that night with the woman he loved seated next him in all her superb loveliness. He had warmed himself up with a bottle of champagne before starting for the Grange, and his handsome face was flushed and his eyes sparkling.

Once or twice Lady Sybil had referred to "that dreadful man," but Thane had laughingly declined to discuss the subject. "Poor wretch, I'm almost inclined to pity him!" he said, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Penal servitude is a terrible thing—and there may be worse than that in store for him. Don't let us talk of him. I do not like your sweet pure lips to be sullied by his name, or anything connected with this case, dearest." And his voice dropped to a soft murmur, and his hand closed on her bejeweled one with a passionate caress.

Lady Sybil returned the pressure with her cool, white fingers.

"I do not pity him," she said. "I think he deserves all the punishment he may get; though I think it's very nice of you to be so tender hearted; and I fancy mamma is just stricken at my severity. She is inclined to help him, too; aren't you, mamma?"

Lady Delamoor started slightly, as if she had only been half listening.

"I—I—yes, I think I do pity him a little," she said, in a low voice. "One never knows what circumstances may have led him into crime."

Harold Thane drank a draught of champagne and sighed, with his dark eyes lowered. "Very true, Lady Delamoor," he said gravely; "and one cannot help thinking that there may be someone to share his misery. Some woman who loves him, and—and still clings to him—" He paused, and glanced sideways at Lady Sybil. She shrugged her shoulders, gleaming like ivory in the candle-light.

"How romantic and sentimental!" she said, with a languid laugh. "I thought that people of this class always deserted each other when they were in trouble."

Thane's teeth closed over his under lip. "Would you desert a man whom you had loved because he happened to be—in trouble?" he asked in a very careless tone.

Lady Delamoor had risen as he spoke, but Sybil paused to answer his question.

"I don't know," she said, holding out her arm to him that he might fasten one of her diamond bracelets. "It all depends."

"Not if you cared for him?" he said, looking up at her with a smile that glistened anxiously, and his fingers fumbled on the snap of the bracelet.

"Take care!" she said, screwing up her lips, "you are pinching my arm in the fastening! Thanks! it is all right now. If I cared for him! No, I suppose not, but who would care for a common criminal?"

"Some women might," he said, still smiling; but with a slight thickness in his voice.

She shrugged her shoulders indifferently. "Don't be long, I want you to sing to us."

"Two minutes only, dearest," he murmured, raising her hand to his lips and kissing it passionately. "I will sing to you all night, if you like!" and he echoed her laugh. He put the lamp that hung on the nail back to the table, and drained a glass of Maraschino.

"A common criminal!" he muttered between his teeth. "Good heavens, if she knew the truth!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HE went into the drawing room, with the thought, "If she only knew the truth!" still beating heavily on his brain, and found Lady Sybil alone.

She was reclining at the end of one of the luxurious couches near the fire, a screen in one white hand, the other hanging in graceful indolence at her side. The light from the shaded candles fell softly on the delicate fairness of her skin, and gave an altogether jubilant warmth to her eyes.

She made an exquisite picture, which would have appealed to the senses of any man; it made the heart of this man who loved her throb and ache.

He crossed the room and bent over her and touched her golden hair with his lips—touched it lightly, almost fearfully, for he knew that she did not welcome any caress that disturbed a single hair or ribbon.

"Mamma has a headache, and has gone to lie down for a few minutes," she said. "She seems to have been very much upset by the scene in Court to-day. I'm sure I don't know why. One would have thought she would have been glad that the man was caught and going to be punished!"

"Don't talk about it," he said.

"Well, go and sing for me," she retorted, with a slight yawn.

He went to the piano and sang—sang with a passionate intensity and a completeness of expression which would have filled a musician with delight.

It was a love song, whose rather ove sweet words he made sound reasona and excusable. It touched even Lad Sybil; but only slightly.

"How beautifully you sang that!" she said. "Sing again."

He chose another song this time, a plaintive melody which suited his fine tenor voice and his mood to perfection.

"I declare you almost make me cry," Lady Sybil said, with a faint laugh.

"Come nearer," he said, in a low voice. "Come and sit in this chair." And he pointed to a low divan close to the piano.

She rose languidly and sank into the seat, and he sang with his eyes dwelling on hers.

She would have been less than woman to have resisted his voice, the passionate appeal of his eyes; and when he put out his hand at the end of the last verse, which died away in lingering softness, she took it and laid it against her cheek.

He was on his knees beside her in an instant, his hands clasping hers.

"You love me, Sybil!" he murmured with passionate earnestness, intensely. "You really love me! It is not a passing fancy, but real love which will last—which would endure in spite of all obstacles! Tell me, Sybil?"

"Of course I love you!" she said, resigning herself to his embrace. "You ought to know that. Why should I say so if I did not? And why do you ask me?"

"Only for the pleasure—the delight of hearing you confess it, dearest!" he said. "I like to think, when I am alone, that you love me with all your heart—that, come what might, you would still cleave to me—for better and for worse."

She laughed softly.

"That's in the marriage service," she said.

"Yes!" he whispered. "We shall hear that soon, Sybil! Say it shall be soon! For better or for worse? Do you remember what I asked you just now in the dining-room?"

"What was it?" she said.

He looked at her as if his life depended on her answer.

"I asked you if you were one of those women who would still love a man and cling to him, though he was in trouble and—and danger. You would not answer me then. Do so now. Would you cleave to me, Sybil, though I proved unworthy of your—though I was poor and in danger, let us say?"

She laid her hand on his head, and smoothed the hair from his brow.

"Of course I would!" she said in her soft languorous voice. "I have said so before. You know I would! Oh! I should be quite a heroine and stand by you though all the world was against you!

He drew a long breath, then kissed her on the lips with passionate gratitude.

"I know it!" he murmured. "I never doubted it! My dearest, my queen of women!"

Then, as if the strain had been almost more than he could bear, he rose and looked at his watch.

"I must go, Sybil," he said hoarsely. "Remember, for better or for worse!"

"I will remember!" she responded, putting her white arm around his neck, and laughing softly. "For better or for worse! Only try me!"

Instead of ringing for his horse to be brought around—he had ridden over—he left the room and went to the stables for it.

Sybil's words had filled him with a wild happiness and senses of security. He felt as if he could face the world; he felt as the old Harold Thane, the bushranger, used to feel before luxury and dissipation had overtaken him; and he sang to himself as he tossed the groom a coin and sprang into the saddle.

He felt so sure of her that he could afford to defy Fate. But there would be no "worse," he told himself.

Silas Fletcher and his own evidence must convict Lord Forman, who would be sent to penal servitude for life, and leave the scene clear for ever.

Yes, the deuce was fighting for him, and he must win.

A crescent moon was shining between the slowly sinking clouds as he rode down the Grange avenue, and the beauty of the night stole over him insensibly, and added to his feeling of security and satisfaction.

He left the avenue and, still humming the refrain of the love song which had moved even Lady Sybil, he turned down the road to the Chase.

Every now and then the moon obscured, but the horse knew every inch of the road, and his rider let him go his own pace.

Suddenly, in one of those periods of darkness, the horse started and shied, and Thane woke from his delicious reverie and kicked the horse with his heel angrily; for it is not pleasant to be suddenly started out of a pleasant dream.

"What's the matter, you fool?" he said. "What are you frightened at?"

But neither the words nor the sharp kick reassured the horse, and he shied again.

Thane raised his whip and struck it savagely. As he did so the moon cleared, and a figure came out from the shadow and stood almost in front of the horse.

It was a woman; but Thane could distinguish nothing more than her sex, for the light was behind her, and the shawl she wore almost concealed her face.

"Look out!" he cried angrily. "Get out of the way, my good woman, or we shall be over you."

But instead of retreating she put out her hand, caught the bridle, and dropping her shawl raised her face to his.

"Harold, Harry!" she exclaimed.

At the sound of her voice Thane swayed in the saddle, then leant forward and glared at her, his face showing white and startled in the moonlight.

"Harry!" she said, tremblingly, "Don't you know me?"

The question brought his scattered senses back again. He bit his lip, and sat bolt upright on the saddle.

"No, I don't," he said, roughly. "You are making a mistake, my good woman. You take me for someone else."

She sighed bitterly, and looked up at him with reproachful eyes.

"Oh, Harry, look at me!" She turned her face to the moonlight. "You know me now! I am Mary!"

He looked down at her with a contemptuous sneer on his shaking lips. "I don't know you," he said. "I know nobody of the name of Mary. I tell you, you are making a mistake. Look here; if this is a plant—if you've got a confederate waiting behind the bushes to come out and help you rob me, you are going the wrong way to work. Let go my bridle, do you hear!" And he raised his whip as if to strike her hand.

She did not move, and he let the whip fall on his knee.

"Oh, Harry, Harry!" she cried bitterly. "How can you lie to me so! It cannot be that you don't know me, that you have forgotten me! Look at me again——?"

She drew closer, so that her face almost touched his arm.

He looked at her with sullen anger. "I tell you once more that I don't know you, that I never saw you before!" he said. "I don't know whom you mistake me for, and I don't care. Just let go my horse, and allow me to ride on, my good woman."

Her face hardened suddenly, she dropped the bridle and drawing herself up to her full height, pointed with all an injured woman's outraged dignity.

"Go, then!" she said. "Go, at your peril!"

He gathered the reins together and seemed about to fly; then, as if something held him against his will, he checked his horse, and looking straight in front of him said in a constrained voice—

"Who do you take me for?"

She looked at him, and her face softened again.

"Ah, Harry, I thought you would not leave me! You know that I know who you are. The Harold Thane who once—once loved me, and swore to love me always. The Harold Thane who—who deserted me——"

"You make a mistake," he said hoarsely. "If you mean Harold Thane, the bushranger, he is in Dexmouth Gaol there," and he jerked his whip behind his shoulder. "The scoundrel is caught at last, and lies there awaiting his trial. I should advise you to go to Dexmouth Gaol, if you want to see him. I am Lord Norman Lechmere, my good woman."

She drew nearer to him, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"It is of no use, Harry!" she said, almost pityingly. "It is only natural that you should lie to me, that you should try and deceive me; but indeed, indeed, it is of no use. I know all. I know that it is Lord Lechmere, whom I saw in the bush, and whom I mistook for you, that is in prison, and that it is you, Harold Thane, my Harry, who are here. I learnt the whole story last night from the girl Lord Norman loves. It is of no use, Harry! For your own sake give up lying to me, and listen to me."

He bit his lips fiercely, staring straight in front of him; then he laughed an uneasy braggart laugh.

"You're one too many for me, Mary!" he said. "I'll own up. After all, it was rather too thin my hoping to deceive you. I only did it for a spree half the time! But what the deuce brings you here?"

She sighed.

"The deuce, and only the deuce, ever brought me near you, Harry," she said sorrowfully. "But this time your good angel—if you have not driven it away for ever—has as much to do with it as the deuce. I have come to save you."

"To save me!" he echoed.

"Yes," she said in a low voice, full of weariness and pain, "I have come to save you; for—for the sake of the love I once bore you, the love which, alas, alas! still beats in my heart for you. Harry, you are in terrible danger. You must fly—fly at once."

He looked at her with a sneer.

"That's no news," he said. "It isn't the first time I've been in a hot corner. But you've made a mistake this time. I'm all right!"

"No! You think you will succeed in ousting Lord Norman, whose name you have stolen."

"You don't mince matters," he said between his teeth.

"No, Harry, the time has passed for that. I know what you are, and all you have done. And still there is that in my heart which prompts me to come to your aid. A woman' love dies hard—some women's never. Thank your God, Harry, that mine is of that kind!"

He shouted down at her. "Speak out!" he said roughly; "you say you know all!"

"Yes," she said, "she told me enough to show me that you will not succeed in this—this scheme of yours; that you will not escape punishment if you try to carry it through. Listen to me, Harry. I have not one reproach for you. I ask you for nothing; I will not even ask you to keep your oath to me. Let it all go—all that is now past and done with between us; but for the love you once bore me, listen to me, and let me save you."

"If you know all, you must know that I'm quite safe, that I'm bound to win," he said moodily. "All the evidence is on my side."

"No," she broke in, in a low voice, "on mine!"

He started as if she had struck him, recoiled, even in his saddle, and his face went white with fury.

"Do you mean to say that you would turn traitor—that you would go back on me and sell me?" he ground out between his teeth.

She looked at him with her sorrow laden eyes.

"Not turn traitor, Harry," she said. "But I must speak the truth. Even the old love I once bore for you would not induce me to ruin an innocent man—the man who saved your life, the man whose name and money and place in the world you have stolen."

He swore an awful oath.

"By heavens!" he hissed. "Why don't you go to him straight away! It's him you love, not me, you—you Judas!"

Her pale face flushed with shame—shame for him, not herself.

"God forgive you, Harry!" she panted. "Should I have followed you across the seas, should I have starved for your sake, tramped all these weary miles for your sake, if my first, my only thought, were not for you?"

She covered her face with her hands, and a dry sob shook her.

He looked down at her, gnawing at his finger-nails.

"Don't you see, Harry," she said, after she had mastered her tears, "that sooner or later they will track me, and find me; that they will put me in the witness-box, and that, whether I will or not, they will compel me to speak the truth."

He forced a smile, forced the anger and sullen ferocity out of his face, and got off his horse.

"You're right, Mary," he said, more gently than he had as yet spoken. "You always had the brains. Come into the shadow, and let us talk it over, and see what can be done."

He led the horse into a small plantation beside the road, holding Mary by the arm.

"That's better," he said. "Now then, old girl, give me a kiss."

She shook her head, though her eyes were raised to his face for a moment wistfully.

"Tell me your plans," he said, affecting not to notice her refusal of his caress. "For of course, woman like, you've got plans."

"Yes," she said. "I have thought it all out. Harry, you must fly at once. There's plenty of time before the trial. Leave England, and go to some country——"

They were almost the same words she had spoken to Lord Norman when she mistook him for Thane, and as she spoke them they recalled the scene in the bush, and she swept and broke out with a sob. "Oh, Harry, if you had but taken the advice he gave you—for I know he would have helped you—if you had but turned to honest courses and been true to me." Her voice faltered and failed. "But it is of no use to go back to the past."

"No," he said, impatiently. "Tell me this plan of yours. You advise me to get away?"

"Yes," she said. "Go at once—at once!"

"And leave him—curse him—to win the day and crow over me!" he muttered.

"Leave Lord Norman to recover his own," she said, firmly. "Harry, can you hesitate? Don't, for your own sake! Oh, I beg, I implore you!"

"Hush!" he said, huskily, and glancing to the right and left of him. He stood gnawing at his finger-nails for a moment or two, his brain hard at work, his dark shifting eyes glancing first at her and then at the ground restlessly; then he said—

"You're right. The game's up, I see. I'll make a bolt for it. And—and you; what do you mean to do?"

She shook her head and sighed wearily. "I don't know. It doesn't matter."

"Oh, come, you know!" he said, and he put his arm around her; but as he did so his eyes turned away from her face with a look of hate and loathing. "You and I are in the same boat, Mary. You must go with me!"

A thrill ran through her at the false words—oh, woman's love!—and against her will, she drew closer to him.

"Do—do you mean it, Harry?" she asked.

"Of course I do!" he said. "You must think I'm a regular brute and beast, after the way I've behaved to you—why I have not even asked you how you've got on all the time since we've been parted. But, never mind, there will be plenty of time to tell me all about it. Yes, we'll skedaddle together, Mary." He kissed her, and she looked up at him through a mist of tears.

"Oh, Harry! Harry!" she murmured. "Will you let me come? Will you really? I—I love you, Harry! Oh, I can't help it!" And with an instinctive conviction of her own folly she tried to draw away from him; but he held her.

"Of course you do, and so—so do I love you," he said. "Why it seems just like old times, when we were courting over there in the old man's station. I suppose your father's dead, Mary?"

"Yes!" she sobbed. "Don't—don't let us speak of the past. Let us try and forget it, Harry."

"With all my heart," he said. "But about our plans. What's in your head, Mary? Let's have it."

"Leave it all to me, Harry," she said with a smile. "I mean to make terms with them."

"Terms?" he repeated with a frown.

"Yes," she said, smilingly sadly. "I am going to write out a full account of the——"

"Imposture," he said with a hard laugh. "Don't mince it!"

"And—and give it to them on condition of letting you off."

"I see," he said after a moment's pause. "That sounds all right; and seeing the trouble they'd have, without your evidence, in proving him to be Lord Norman, I should think they'd be glad to come to your terms. And when you are going to do it, Mary?"

"At once," she said, eagerly. "You shall go to-morrow—to-morrow morning, and I will write to them and make the bargain. He—Lord Norman—will not refuse me. He—he has a tender heart."

Thane ground his teeth.

"Curse him!" he muttered, savagely.

He took a step or two away from her, his brows working, his lips tightly compressed; then he came back.

"Look here, Mary," he said, "there's no hurry for a day. Get that paper—confession, or whatever you call it—and bring it here to-morrow night at this time. It's quite safe. No one passes this road, and we can go farther into the woods. Bring this paper, and we can go over it together, and complete our plans."

"Better start to-morrow, Harry," she pleaded anxiously, with her hands on her breast.

"No," he said, avoiding her eyes. "You must come here with the papers to-morrow, and we'll settle the whole thing. You—you don't mistrust me—eh, Mary?"

She raised her eyes and looked into his, and he bore the scrutiny for a second or two, then rendered it futile by stooping his head and kissing her.

"Very well," she said. "But go now, dear!"

"All right," he responded. "To-morrow, then, at the same time! Good-night."

And he left her, untied his horse, and rode away.

Rode away without even asking her what was to become of her till then, or where she was to spend the night.

His callous indifference ought to have opened her eyes; but love is blind, and she dragged herself wearily along the road to the village, in which she had got a room, her sad heart throbbing once again with hope.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OVER-POLITE.—Perhaps perfectly frank people, who tell you candidly just what they think of you, are not the pleasantest friends in the world. But, on the other hand, if you are thrown into the company of an unusually polite—an over-polite—person, you almost immediately distrust him.

There comes to you, acting upon the nervous part of you, of which you know so little, a sense of doubt. You are not averse to polite bearing and manners—nay, you like them; you even find it pleasant to receive the compliments so readily and glibly offered to you; to see the amiable smile to watch the bowing head; and there is something in the sense of reverence and respect as expressed towards yourself which is very flattering.

Yet, in spite of it all, you are not sure of your companion's honesty. You are inclined to suspect that there is something cynical behind that smile; something unreal in the look of regard. And you do not know in the least why you have it.

At the same time, you find it so agreeable to be made much of, to find your opinions suddenly of value (or assured value) in the eyes of your fellow, that you fail to rest the spirit of doubt which rises within you, and you resolve to believe your new friend an exceedingly polished and very delightful man.

PAINT.—A new kind of paint is announced, which, it is claimed, possesses in a peculiar degree the properties of preserving metal from rust, and is unaffected by either heat or cold. When applied to sheet iron it is found that the coating is not affected by warm water or steam, nor is it at all influenced by the action of acid and alkaline liquids, ammonia gas, hydrochloric acid gas, and sulphuretted hydrogen gas. The principal ingredient in this paint is a silicate of iron which is found in the neighborhood of natural deposits of iron ores, and also occurs in veins in deposits of granite, which have become decomposed by contact with the air.

TO-DAY.

BY W. W. LONG.

To-day let us kiss and be lovers
While life is in golden prime;
Sing, and be glad in gladness,
Giving no thought to time.

Laugh, and revel in laughter,
While hope and love runs high:
To-day is the time for pleasure,
To-morrow we die, we die.

The Grey Mare.

BY L. A. J.

CHAPTER I.

"I had a little pony, they called him Dapple Grey."

THE great beeches stood golden beneath the warm October sun. On a slight elevation facing the wood, but separated from it by a sweep of meadow land, was a substantial house, half farm, half manor, built of red brick, whose many windows caught and reflected the rays of the afternoon sun until the panes seemed liked sheets of fire.

Standing at the door, and within the Virginia creepered porch, was a young man. He was gazing listlessly towards the righ', where a potato harvest was being collected by about fifteen to twenty workers of both sexes. A stronger sun than that which shone down on quiet Teviotdale had darkened a naturally pale skin.

Hector Scott had passed nearly twelve of his thirty years in South America and, until the sudden death of his two elder brothers left him heir to the little Border estate of Glenmire, had had little intention of ever again settling in his native land.

Even now, as he stood apparently scanning with great interest his "hinds," and "bondagers," as male and female field-workers are termed on the Borders, he was wondering whether after all it would not have been wiser to have sold Glenmire and left to a stranger the tilling of its fertile acres and the fattenning of sheep and oxen on its green meadows.

The great reluctance which he had felt to this arose from the fact that there had always been a Scott of Glenmire since the first of the name had won it with his sword from an English lord in the troublous times of the early Stuarts.

"Yet I am likely to be the last Scott of Glenmire," he thought; for he was wifeless and childless, and it seemed probable that no son would after him carry on the old name. Hector Scott was tall, lean and sinewy.

As I mentioned above, he was about thirty, of a dark complexion and harsh and irregular features. His face, in repose, was stern and forbidding; and a certain obstinacy, which a life whose lines had not lain in pleasant places, had left its stamp both in eyes and mouth.

Few people were more difficult to turn from their purpose than Hector Scott, and now I have frankly told the worst of him; for, sir or madam, I am that Hector Scott of Glenmire, who has detained you longer than his poor merits have given him any claim to do.

In reality, the problem which was occupying my mind was, how I was to get through the afternoon until dark, for it was now but three o'clock. I might superintend operations in the potato-field, but was doubtful how my very efficient grieve would relish my interference. Then I might ride to Stewarton. I wanted a check cashed, but remembered the banks would be closed, and contented myself with inwardly anathematizing early closing and its consequent inconveniences to myself.

Then I bethought me of an occupation at once useful and congenial. My only surviving relative, a far-off cousin, had promised to pay me a visit in the autumn. She had married a Church of England clergyman, and was now a widow with one daughter, Agnes. For this girl I had been for some time training a little Irish mare, and I thought this a good opportunity to try her at a fence, a feat we had not yet attempted, though, like all Irish mares she had brought from her native land a character as a fencer.

I strolled round to the stables and found Archie, a wooden faced individual, seated upon an upturned barrow, and industriously earning his wages by chewing a straw.

"Bring out Dapple Grey," I said, "and the horse-cloth. I'll take her down to the meadow and try her at the low bars." The mare's color was sufficiently indicated by her name. When she became my property she was as rough a specimen as county Clare held, but Scotch grooming, Scotch oats, and a water-tight Scotch stable, had worked wonders on her outer woman, and as Archie led her, dancing out of the stable, with eye clear as a well, coat like satin, I agreed with him in the half-grudging praise, "Weel, for an Irisher, ye're no' half bad. Losh, Maister Archie, ye cud get yer twa hun'er for her ony day for the speering."

A minute after, with a horse-cloth tied round me, habit-wise, Dapple Grey and I took our way down to the meadow in perfect amity. Once there, however, we did not succeed in hitting it off quite so well. She went round the meadow willingly enough, first at a walk, then at a canter, then at a smart trot, and finally at a gallop. But she drew the line at the bar.

Time after time I brought her up to it, only for her to swerve aside at the critical moment. That she should go over I was determined, and she seemed equally determined on the contrary. I am afraid we both began to lose our tempers in the struggle for the mastery.

At last, just as I had well nigh made up my mind to give up in despair, she cantered lightly up to the bar, and I felt her gathering herself together preparatory to taking it, when a voice in my ear made her, for about the hundredth time, swerve aside, and I turned round in a towering rage and faced the intruder.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said civilly enough, "but I was to ask you the price of that mare."

Rage for a moment kept me silent and then I burst forth:

"What the dickens," only it was a more powerful deity than the dickens whom I evoked. "What the dickens do you mean coming here with your confounded tom-fool chattering?"

"I am sure I am very sorry, sir," he replied, "but I was sent to ask the price of the mare, and, of course, sir, I had to do it."

Then I observed he was in a groom's livery.

"Where do you come from? Whose servant are you?"

"The Abbey, sir; I am one of the undergrooms."

"Oh, Miss Elliott's," I said. "Then go back to the Abbey and tell your mistress to be sure a thing is in the market before she offers to buy it.

The man lingered.

"I am afraid, sir, I dare not carry that message," he hinted.

"Then," I returned, irritated still, "Miss Elliott will know better than to provoke such a one. Well, no, stop a minute," I added. "Tell Miss Elliott the mare is not for sale or I should have been most happy to give her the refusal of it; and now that you have got your answer be good enough to take yourself off, for I want to get her over the bar while there is light to see it."

The man went off slowly, and I returned to my task; but either the short rest had revived Dapple Grey's dying obstinacy, or it had been only a fancy that she was going to take the leap before—not that evening was the leap taken. I accordingly was obliged to return to Glenmire, inwardly cursing the sex to which Dapple Grey and Miss Elliott both belonged.

About eight years before, Sir Car Elliott, the richest landed proprietor in Teviotdale, had died, leaving one daughter, his sole heiress, who, by his death, became one of the richest dowered ladies in the Lowlands. Unlimited power, if bad for a man is a thousand times worse for a woman.

Miss Diana Elliott had grown up capricious, tyrannical and passionate, at least, so report said. I had never seen the lady, except in church, where she occupied, in company with her retainers, about a third of the little building—where we weekly confessed ourselves equa's and sinners.

From early childhood every whim had been gratified, and as at two-and-twenty her fancies took frequently a more impossible and unreasonable direction than they had done at five, there were often "ructions" between her and those with whom she came in contact. Such at least was the commonly accepted belief in the district, where she was canvassed by high and low.

I had not the honor, as I have stated, of the lady's acquaintance, as there was a great gulf, which was "fixed" and immovable, between the heiress of the Abbey lands and a humble bonnet-laird, who, as well as being a stranger, was no frequenter of ladies' society. She occasionally flashed down with a brilliant train for a few weeks to the Abbey in the autumn, chaperoned nominally by an aunt, whose only duty seemed to be humble acquiesce in the vagaries of her niece.

As I rode home I puzzled myself as to where Miss Elliott had seen the mare, for to the best of my knowledge she had only been out of the stable to the meadow, or along a quiet lane in the early morning.

Then I remembered that the beech wood shut in the west of the meadow, and that through it an alley had been cut almost up the windows on the east of the Abbey, and I rightly conjectured that from these windows Miss Elliott had seen us in the meadow below.

Next morning about eleven we went down again, and at last, thanks to coaxing and flattery, Dapple Grey—not once or twice, but many times—took the bar, as the admiring Archie said, "like a leddy." I was only afraid that my pet would forget her newly-learned accomplishment, and kept her at it for some time.

At last, just as we were both thoroughly tired, and I was turning towards home, I descried a female figure coming down the beech alley. I saw she was bearing directly for me, and thought I recognized Miss Elliott. My first and cowardly impulse was to flee. I felt I looked ridiculous, perched upon a side saddle with a horse-cloth tightly swayed about my legs. But I was not going to turn tail. Though my name was not McGregor, my foot was on my native and peculiar meadow.

Miss Elliott was the intruder, not I, and besides, before I had quite made up my mind, she was in the meadow and directly between me and Glenmire.

"What can she want? I thought. "I hope she won't frighten Dapple Grey. And what a fool I must look!"

Dapple Grey would have had very bad taste had she been anything but charmed at Miss Elliot's appearance. As she approached I felt a growing admiration at her appearance. She was not very tall, but, being slightly built, looked taller than she really was. She was neither dark nor fair; her hair was of the golden brown of February beeches; her eyes were of a deep hazel in the shadow, but when the sun lit up their depths they took on an almost tawny hue. Her complexion was what is known rather as pure than brilliant, her nose a delicate aquiline, nostrils thin and tremulous, her upper lip short, and a perfect mouth only spoilt by a slight obtrusion of the two front teeth, which yet gave a distinct character to the whole face. These observations and conclusions were not arrived at all at once, but were the result of subsequent thoughts and study on the subject. She reminded me then, and still does, of some bright foreign bird, so quick and bright are her movements; her dress, too, was brighter than that which ladies affect nowadays.

"Good morning, Mr. Scott. I sent you a message yesterday."

I disengaged myself from my trappings, and gained my feet before answering:

"I had the honor of sending an answer to your message yesterday."

"I did not receive what could be termed an answer," she replied haughtily.

"Then you should choose a more trustworthy messenger," I replied composedly.

"You told him the mare was not for sale. But that is no answer; everything has its price."

I looked at her standing there in the first freshness of her youth and beauty, and felt struck with the incongruity of the old, world-wise maxim from such a mouth, as I replied:

"I will not presume to contradict you, if it is your pleasure to hold that such is so. But you have not found out Dapple Grey's price yet."

"What will you take, then?" she asked. "I have taken a fancy to her, and can afford to pay for my fancies."

I began to be provoked. What was Miss Elliott, in the insolence of her wealth, to me?

"I will not take a hundred guineas for her."

"Bring her up to the Abbey, and I shall write you a check for two hundred," she returned composedly.

My anger now almost gave way to mirth. "When I said I would not take a hundred," I replied at last, slowly and distinctly, "pray don't take me for a dealer who wishes to raise the price. I am training the mare, as you see, for a lady, and having had some trouble have conceived an affection for her, therefore I estimate this feeling at something higher than two hundred guineas."

"Then do what I wished you to do at first," she answered, without the least change of tone: "name your own price."

I gazed straight and full into those eyes.

"I do not intend to part with her for anything you can offer."

Then, without the least warning, she lost her temper.

"How dare you," she began, "refuse what I ask? I say I will have that mare, and you dare to say I shall not?"

I suddenly became quite cool and composed.

"Has it never been your lot to meet a will which can dare to thwart you?" I asked, still gazing steadily down into her eyes.

She suddenly withdrew her gaze from mine, and the hot blood left cheek and brow in an instant. She clenched her hands, and I saw the white, sharp teeth meet on her under lip. Something suddenly prompted me to say, "I am very sorry that you seem to have set your heart on this. If you will allow me, I shall do my very best to find you a mare exactly the same. I am sure I can do so."

She deigned to vouchsafe no answer to this offer, and turned away without further greeting, leaving me highly indignant at the manner in which my small olive-branch had been received.

CHAPTER II.

"I lent him to a lady to ride a mile away;
She whipt him, she lashed him, she rode him through the mire.

I WAS sitting next morning with my pipe and newspaper, when I was, in Scotch phraseology, informed that "one" wished to speak with me. This particular unit turned out to be a very smart London servant, belted, booted and liveried, carrying a side-saddle and a bridle. He also brought Miss Elliott's compliments, and would I be so very good as to lend her my grey mare, as she wished to ride that morning, and her own horse had fallen lame. Perhaps I might have been ungallant enough to doubt this statement had I not heard of it yesterday from another source. I did not wish to appear churlish or disobliging, but again, Miss Elliott was what Archie described as a very "deevil in the saddle."

However, I thought it best to comply, thinking it as well that Dapple Grey should become accustomed to a lady's hand, as my cousin Agnes was a very timid horsewoman. Archie therefore most unwillingly brought her out, helped the groom with the saddle, and sent him off with her, and many words of caution, of which he understood about one word in a hundred.

"Gude sakes," he ejaculated, as he watched his favorite disappear, "gin she comes back as she left us it'll be a gude job. Losh keep's a', when a queen can come an' carry aff a' before oor een. It's changed time since the wimmin stopt at hame an minded the kye an' sic like, which is wimmin's wark a' the warl ower. What call has the likes o' them tae meil wi' horses? I trow it wud set them better tae sit down, tae their seams than gang skelping over the kintra side. Let them stop at hame, till they fin' a man that can be fashed wi' their whigmeiuries. A woman sud be like a midden, bide till she's lifted."

Thus all day Archie went about bewailing like a Jew over modern Jerusalem, and he at last so in'ected me with his fear that, as the afternoon wore away, I became positively uneasy, though from a different cause.

Dapple Grey had, as I knew, a will of her own, and she was perfectly capable of resenting any attempt to thwart it. Suppose she and Miss Elliot differed? I was rather doubtful which would come off victor, or rather victrix. One thing I guessed there would be a pretty sharp and a pretty long conflict, let the result be what it would. It was not until nearly three o'clock that the groom reappeared, leading the long expected Dapple Grey by the bridle.

But alas, what a change was here, my countrymen! It was a very different Dapple Grey from that which, sleek as a well-fed tom-cat, trim and dainty as a duchess from her toilette, had left the stables but five hours ago. She was panting heavily, and her eye was wild and blood-shot. From pastern to hock she was one mass of foam, sweat and mud. At first, seriously alarmed for the safety of Miss Elliot, I hurried forward. The groom touched his hat in a deprecating manner.

"Indeed, sir, I am very sorry, but it was not my fault."

"Has she been thrown?" I asked anxiously.

"Thrown? Lord love you, sir, the horse is not foaled that will throw her. She is all right, but I am very sorry about the mare."

I scanned Dapple Grey from mane to tail, but not to the groom would I show what I felt.

"Bring her to the stable, please," I said.

Vain would it be to describe Archie's indignation when he saw the victim. He swore, he danced, he ejaculated, and I verily believe would have shed tears had he not forgotten how.

"Did ony mortal man ever hear tell o' the like?" he began in a high treble, as he hastily unsaddled the mare. "This comes o' wimmin fowk pitting on breeks, an' rinning ower the haill place like a set o' drucken tinkler wives. I'd sort the haill pack o' them, gie me my way; I'd mak' their shouthers an' a hazel rung wheel acquaint or I'd know the reason why——" and this decided opponent to the rights of women was stating his views in a still broader fashion when I interrupted him.

"Come, come, Archie, that is enough; attend to your business."

"Did the mare jib, or how was it?" I asked the man, who still lingered.

"She went along beautifully, sir, until we came to the gate into Prior's copse, and Miss Elliott wished her to jump it, and the mare would not, and I am sure we tried for more than an hour, and Miss Elliott can't stand opposition; you know few ladies can, sir, and——"

"She might be content with bucketing her own horses," I observed drily. "Well?"

"Well, sir, as she was beaten she went back, and we came home by the Prior's waterfall."

"I see, a full gallop. That's a pretty long ride to take a mare that is partly on grass. Your lady wears a spur, I see."

A fresh burst of expletives, in which "gipsy," "queen," "taupy," occupied the position of substantives, burst from Archie and drowned the groom's reply; not that it was needed, for Dapple Grey's side was ploughed to a fearful extent. It was a consolation to know, however, that she had gained the day, and that, though scarred and wounded, the honors rested with her.

"I still wonder she was not thrown."

"I wuss——" began Archie vindictively.

"Her wrist is pretty badly sprained," he returned; "I thought she would have fainted two or three times coming home; I am off for the doctor now."

Next morning Dapple Grey was a good deal better. I had really entertained grave fears for her wind the evening before, but was happy to find my alarm on this score was unfounded.

About a week after, my cousin, Mrs. Grey; and her daughter Agnes arrived. Agnes was a fair red-and-white girl about twenty. She resembled hundreds of girls of her age and standing both north and south of the Tweed. A quantity of smooth yellow hair, a pretty little nose, a rose-bud mouth, and a pair of innocent blue eyes made up the face of my cousin. Agnes Grey. She treated me with great respect, and always addressed me as "Cousin Hector." I fancy that her mother would not have been sorry if, at this time of my story I had asked Agnes to take up her residence for good and all at Glenmire, and more than once I caught myself thinking how quiet the old house would be without them that winter.

Dapple Grey had quite recovered by the time they arrived, but Archie insisted she was not yet fit for work, so that they had been with me at least ten days before he reluctantly saddled her and brought her to the door, where Agnes, in a dark blue habit, stood looking very pretty, in a mingled ecstacy of fear and delight. I swung her lightly into the saddle, thinking what a pleasant change from my usual silent, solitary rides, to have this pretty little chirping sparrow twittering alongside. I was mounted on a great chestnut brute, built like his master, more for strength than beauty.

We departed with many a caution from Archie "tae tak' tent o' the bonny wee cuttie, the wale o' Teviotdale," and with many injunctions from Mrs. Grey, who, smiling and pleased, assured us she would be "on thorns" during our absence, we set out. All this time, Miss Elliott had made no sign.

I had never met her, walking or riding. I knew she was at home, because I had seen her in church, where I was a most regular worshipper. To-day, however, fortune or something else was on my side.

Agnes and I had had a very pleasant ride, although not a very long one, for my cousin was, from want of practice, scarcely at home yet in the saddle; when about three miles from home, we met Miss Elliott. She was walking, and as usual alone. Her dress was composed of some dark material, all slashed and trimmed with deep crimson. A great bunch of crimson silk gleamed at her throat, and her hat, a large beaver, was ornamented and emphasized with a feather of the same ruddy hue.

Although alone, she was not unattended. A large St. Bernard walked solemnly by her side, a golden-haired collie trotted in front, and two or three terriers were turning somersaults, and biting each other's ears in rare confusion round her. Her sudden appearance alarmed Dapple Grey; she began to dance sideways along the lane in a fashion that would soon have unseated poor Agnes. I managed to get hold of the rein and quiet her, while Miss Elliott, calling her dogs together, slipped one white ungloved hand through the St. Bernard's collar, and stood aside to let us pass. Not a muscle of her face relaxed, but I thought, and was irritated by the thought, that a faint smile rippled up to those sad scornful eyes at Agnes' shrill little cries of terror.

"Oh, Cousin Hector," she gasped, when at last we were past and in safety, "how dreadful that was! I thought I would have tumbled right off! How strong and clever you are! Who was it? She's pretty, is she not? At least, not exactly, but striking looking, and odd; and what a strange dress! Bright colors are not worn now. I heard you say to mamma you liked women to dress quietly. I would like always to wear black, I think, or a very dark invisible blue or green." Before I could reply to this, she broke off, "Oh, Cousin Hector, there is a red bow on the road. It is off her dress; I noticed there was only one at the left side and two at the right. Dear me, will she miss it? It is a color not easily matched, and—"

"Aggie," I interrupted, dismounting and picking up the bit of ribbon, " apple Grey will stand now quite quietly. I think I had better ride back; I know the lady, and will give her the bow. It is Miss Elliott, of Abbeylands."

"Oh, I don't mind waiting a bit. I daresay she would not be able to match the colors. But that big dog, I know he wanted to bite you."

Assuring Agnes that I would return in a moment, I turned my horse's head and walked him rapidly after Miss Elliott. She turned round, and a flush, which reminded me of our last meeting, again dyed her pale face.

"I beg your pardon," I said, suddenly feeling hot and confused, "this is yours, I think, and I though' ——"

"That the loss was irreparable? Thank you," and I noticed for the first time that her arm was in a sling, and I remembered what her servant had told me of her sprained wrist. She held the bow and looked rather comically at it.

"I wish I had a pin," she said suddenly; "do you think that young lady who was riding with you has one? I never have these feminine luxuries when I want them."

I was old bachelor enough to be able to supply her wants without appealing to Agnes.

"What! you must be rather effeminate, though I would not have fancied you so! Pins, you know, are the peculiar prerogative of our sex," was the only acknowledgment I got for my courtesy.

I could not forbear the retort which rose to my lips had I been shot for it the next minute.

"When ladies wear spurs," I said mildly, "surely men may carry pins."

She paused for a minute, as though doubtful how she should take my speech. Then she laughed outright.

"Thrust for thrust," she said; "pins and spurs are pointed weapons to fight with."

But I thought of Dapple Grey and would not laugh.

"How grave you are," and she suddenly laid a shapely finger on my wrist; "do you ever smile? That young lady must find you very dull company in these muddy lanes."

All the blood in my body seemed to leap and surge up to my brain at the touch of her finger, but never a muscle of my face quivered, I was glad to feel.

"How am I to fasten this bow with only one hand?" she said abruptly. "If you carry pins about with you, you should know how to use them."

I really did not know what to make of my companion, as, stammering and confused, I essayed to pin the bow on the left shoulder of her dress. She stood quietly, with her face a few inches from mine, as my great awkward fingers fumbled with the pin.

"Thank you," she said at last, "you make but an indifferent tire-woman; is that not the correct word? Now good-bye; don't you think," as I still lingered, "that Dapple Grey will have thrown that pretty girl? She can't ride her a bit," she added viciously.

Thus saying she walked away, and I hastened to rejoin Agnes, whose patience was well-nigh exhausted. I excused myself on the plea that I had farther to ride back than I had thought, that the lady had asked me for a pin; but neither to her, nor subsequently to her mother, did I mention that I had assisted in putting the pin to its destined use.

A few days later, Agnes, her mother and I received an invitation to dine with some people about six miles off. In town, people would require some inducement to go so far on a cold autumn evening, when they could in all probability dine much more comfortably at home; but in the country, where society is scarce, the distance is thought nothing of. Both Mrs. Grey and Agnes retired a good hour to their toilette before I did, but I had more than half-an-hour to wait until they appeared. Agnes made her appearance at last, all fluffiness, excitement, blushes and smiles.

"How pretty you look, Aggie," which rude compliment made her ten times more so as she blushed a pleased denial. She was so pink, and white, and silvery, she reminded me of a fresh, dewy little daisy. There was quite a large gathering at Myrton Place for our quiet country-side. There was a young minister lately "placed" in the county town, a fresh-colored youth, with very much collar on his shirt, and none on his coat; with him was his mother, a wall-eyed individual, with a wonderful cap, which was the happy home of more tropical insects than are generally gathered together outside a glass case. There were a baronet, his wife and two sons, all dark, pale and silent; a laird with two daughters, all sanguine, gushing and talkative. There were our host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Macdougall, their three daughters and two sons; two friends of the daughters and a college chum of one of the sons. All these were assembled when we arrived, and as we were five minutes late, I was afraid that we were the defaulters. I soon found out that we were not the only delinquents. I was talking with a daughter of the house, whom it would be my privilege shortly to conduct to the dining-room, when Mr. Macdougal said to his wife:

"My dear, are you waiting for any one?"

"Yes; Lady Margaret and Diana," and scarcely had my heart given one bound when Lady Margaret and Miss Elliott were announced. Immediately after we paired off for dinner.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PLANTATION MELODIES.—When Dr. Antonin Dvorak conceived the idea of furnishing America with a distinctly national type of music he turned for his rhythmical inspiration to the peculiar plantation melodies. These songs of the Southern negroes are folk songs in the truest sense. But a curious investigator, who has compiled a comparative table of statistics concerning a thousand popular American songs, has discovered that only forty-two of these are negro tunes. If his selections have been made on a fairly scientific basis even this rough estimate would seem to shake faith in Dr. Dvorak's choice. According to this song analyst, fully 13 per cent. of the popular songs of the street and the curb are Irish. Perhaps there is more of the new American music to be found in "Are Ye There, Moriarty?" than in "Old Black Joe" or "Dem Golden Slippers." The negro melodies are strangely like the Scotch, with the same intervallic peculiarities of the five-note scale and the "snap' or "catch." As the Scotch were originally Irish, may it not be, after all, that the mingling of the Irish and negro melodies in American popularity proves Dr. Dvorak's contention to be eminently correct?

WOMEN IN FINLAND.—In Finland the liberal professions are nearly all open to women; there are women in the Senate, and women as magistrates, agents, bank clerks, and commercial travelers; whilst they are employed in the postal, telegraph and telephone departments as largely as in England. In Finland they practice what we hardly do more than preach in this country, witness the way in which a Finnish mother lately trained her large family of daughters: One to teach needle-work and weaving, one for farm inspector and veterinary surgeon, one for housekeeping, one for companion for lady, one for millinery, one for dressmaker, one for teacher, one for engraver at the Helsingfors mint, one for teacher of wood engraving, one for teacher at a commercial school.

"I LIKE smart women well enough," said Fenderson, "but I wouldn't care to marry a woman who knew more than I did." "And so," suggested Fogg, "you have been forced to remain single."

Scientific and Useful.

IRON.—Among the recent scientific agricultural suggestions is one for improving chalky soils, by using sulphate of iron as a manure. It is stated that just as a preparation of iron is prescribed to the human subject when the blood is poor, so poor and barren soils may be greatly improved by sulphate of iron.

DISEASE.—To cut off the entail of constitutional disease by avoiding whatever tends to develop it, and cultivating whatever tends to repress it, is a task worthy the utmost efforts of every anxious parent and every wise physician. Perhaps, when the laws of heredity become more wisely understood, it will be accounted a crime to neglect it.

ANOTHER RAIN PRODUCER.—A rainmaker in India has an apparatus, consisting of a rocket capable of rising to the height of a mile, containing a reservoir of ether. In its descent it opens a parachute, which causes it to come down slowly. The ether is thrown out in fine spray, and its absorption of heat is said to lower the temperature about it sufficiently to condense the vapor and produce a limited shower.

POISONS.—It may not be generally known that one of the most potent blood poisons is dynamite. To merely touch it with the hands causes violent headache; one drop of nitro-glycerine put on the tip of the tongue produces excruciating agony in the spine. If brought in contact with a wound, it would prove as fatal as the bite of the cobra di capello of India, or the rattailed snake of the West Indies. The remedy used by miners for blood poisoning by dynamite is strong coffee and lime juice.

SUGAR CANE.—The refuse sticks of the sugar cane can be utilized in making paper, and a contemporary expresses natural astonishment that in face of the present large production of sugar, which results in the constant depreciation in value of this product, and per contra of the increasing use of paper, this industry has not been developed on a practical basis, so as to enable the sugar planters to get a better return from their plantations. The mechanical and chemical manipulation required in this industry is, we believe, of the simplest character, which only makes its neglect the more remarkable.

Farm and Garden.

COAL ASHES.—The best way to dispose of coal ashes is to use them on the walkways and paths. They soon make a hard surface. For filling up of holes on the road they are excellent, and it will pay to collect them for such use.

BONES.—What to do with the bones from fresh meat is a problem to those who have no mode of reducing them to a fine condition for the land. If the bones are placed in the stove and heated, so as to become brittle, they can be easily pounded, with converts them into excellent food for all kinds of poultry.

PLANTS.—All plants require food and drink. If either is lacking the plant will not thrive. Poor land cannot produce good crops, because it cannot provide sufficient food. Weeds require water, and if not kept down they take from the crop, during seasons when moisture is not abundant, the water so necessary for the success of the crop.

SPRAYING.—Spraying is the process of forcing a solution of some substance, such as copperas, sulphate of zinc, or any fungicide, for the prevention of diseases on plants or trees. A fine spray is discharged from the nozzle of a force pump. Paris green and water is more evenly diffused over plants as a protection from insects, and lawns are also watered by a fine spray from a sprayer.

LAND.—The more land the more capital required to successfully farm the soil. The safest plan is to use one portion of the land as cash for cultivating the other by disposing of all that cannot be used to advantage. One of the losses on large farms is the spreading of the manure on too large an area, it being insufficient to impart any susceptible benefit to the crop; but where the manure is concentrated over a smaller surface the proportionate gain is much larger.

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Of Method.

Half the success of life is owing to the manner of doing small things, and most matters taken in detail are small enough. The arrangement of time, remembering that all of us, rich and poor, have but twenty-four short hours in a day, is a very important matter, and almost all great men have been exceedingly methodical in this point.

Of the careful measurement of time, King Alfred the Great knew well the value; and though watches have superseded the old watch-candle of the Anglo-Saxon, that invention for the measurement of time shows him to have been as methodical as he was great. Sir Matthew Hale and Sir William Jones left rules for dividing their day into certain spaces, each of which they devoted to its particular purpose.

But at present, business, enjoyment, exercise, prayer and study are by a careless generation thrust one into the other's province. Happily for the poor and the workers we have one day set apart for meditation, prayer and rest. It is one of the vestiges of methodical arrangement which we have allowed to remain to us, a blessed legacy left untouched by our slower and healthier forefathers.

Method is a word of Greek origin, and means primarily a way or path of transit. "From this we are to understand," says Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "that the first idea of method is a progressive transition from one step to another in any course. If in the right course, it will be the true method; if in the wrong, we cannot hope to progress." Where method is applied to many such transitions in continuity, it implies a principle of unity with progression. These are points which we must not overlook, nor that other grand declaration, that "All things about us, around us, and within us are a chaos without method." A chaos, indeed!—and so long as we do not attempt to set our ideas in order, so long will that chaos continue.

The importance of method is such, that without it, brilliant talents, the most subtle intellect, the most impassioned eloquence, and the deepest thought, accompanied by a certain ambition and industry, are almost sure to be thrown away, as they were with Coleridge himself. But, as an intemperate man is often the best exponent of the true beauties of temperance, so an immethodical man has shown us, in a somewhat desultory, but a most convincing manner, the value of method.

"Order is" undoubtedly "Heaven's first law;" and it is alone by observing the true order of things that science has recently so fairly progressed. "The strength of all sciences," said that great man who first taught us this secret, "consisteth in their harmony, each supporting the other, as the strength of the old man's faggot in the hand. For were it not better for a man in a fair room to set up one great light, or branching candlestick of lights, than to go about with a small watch candle in every corner?" Certainly it is; for it is less useful to peer and pry into one corner for scientific matter, than to have a general fair knowledge of such things as instruct us in the general duties of life. Yet we finally set up our branching candlestick of knowledge by collecting and combining, and properly methodizing the things which we do know; then, judging by analogy, and groping, as it were, step by step with our "watch candle," we can at last furnish forth sufficient matter to set up that branching candlestick of which Bacon speaks.

But not alone in knowledge is method supereminent. It is of the highest importance everywhere. To the husband and the wife it will equally apply, and will be found useful in the whole business of active or domestic life. That is a good rule, and one easily taught, which is conveyed in the words, "A place for everything, and everything in its place." The farmer who sows his corn or reaps his crops must have learnt little if he is not assured that throughout the year, the great Power which multiplies his flocks and gives the rain in due season, proceeds upon a set method and a rule of order which cannot be overturned.

If a man be a cottager, with but little leisure, and a very small cottage to live in, it stands to reason that, unless he regulates his time and methodizes his space, he will enjoy neither the one nor the other. "From the cottager's hearth or the workshop of the artisan, to the palace or the arsenal, the first merit, and that which admits of neither substitute nor equivalent, is order." Where this charm is wanting, everything else fails. The idle man brags of lounging about from one place to another, and thinks there is absolutely some merit in "lounging" and in killing time; but the man of true action knows that, instead of killing time, he, by due method and arrangement, can create it.

Of all murders, that of killing time, by wasting it, is absolutely the foulest. But he who wishes to live in earnest will find that, by placing down in their due order the relative duties of life, he will be able to accomplish all that he can wish. We must not suppose that the leisure men and the loungers form either the thinkers or the workers of life; they are rather the drones of society. It is from the hard-worked men, from the intervals of their scanty leisure, that the world has gathered the great benefits which it treasures up, and for which it is duly grateful.

People do not happen on great discoveries by mere chance. We may be sure that they were working in some field, toward some definite end, before they were so rewarded; not, perhaps, in the exact way in which their discovery came, but workers they were. Fortune, though blind, is in the long run just. The great nuggets of golden thought and action, the long results of time, and the brave trophies of science and art, have fallen to the lot of soldiers in the field, of those who have borne the heat and labor of the fight.

In thinking and in working we must proceed with method, or our efforts come to nothing. Half the futility of education may be put down to a want of method. Indeed this is true of method in all the relations of life; for it nothing is too great, nothing too small.

MANNERS are the revealers of secrets, the betrayers of any disproportion or want of symmetry in mind and character. It is the law of our constitution that every change in our experience instantly indicates itself on our countenance and carriage, as the lapse of time tells itself on the face of a clock. We may be too obtuse to read it; but the record is there. Some men may be too obtuse to read it; but some men are not obtuse, and do read it.

IT is an excellent thing to be able to keep silence when speech would be injurious. It is largely from thoughtlessness that it is so rare a quality. People do not deliberately intend to add needlessly to the unhappiness of the world, but they often actually do so, being scarcely conscious of the fact. A habit of intelligent foresight as to the probable result to others of our many complaints and confidences would reveal an astonishing amount of suffering that it is in our power to prevent by the small sacrifice of silence; and there are very few who, after fully appreciating this, would be so selfish as to continue the practice.

IF you really are good, be sure that the consequences which Nature has attached to that good must ensue. It is not more certain that a pound of matter, scatter it how you will, still weighs one pound in God's universe, than that a good performed, hide it, deny it how you will, has its due and certain weight in the same universe. In this, as in all else, the law of the moral is identical with that of the physical world; therefore, I say, be good yourself, and leave consequences to the Author of all being.

A MAN will care for everything before he looks to the air he breathes, the water he drinks, or to those evidences of unsanitary conditions which are the sure forerunners of ill-health, incapacity for work and eventual poverty. No force short of a plague can rouse his attention to these matters. Even cholera and small-pox have required the weight of central authority to force upon councils and other local bodies the unwelcome measures necessary for their prevention.

TRUE bravery is sedate and inoffensive. If it refuse to submit to insults, it offers none; begins no disputes, enters into no needless quarrels; is above the little, troublesome ambition to be distinguished every moment. It hears in silence and replies with modesty; fearing no enemy, and making none; and is as much ashamed of insolence as cowardice.

IF sons turn out badly it is rarely the mothers (God bless them!) who are to blame, but the fathers who have been in fault, not making friends of their sons, trying to rule by terror and not affection, as if the heart were not the most powerful thing of all. A tyrant father naturally produces a deceitful, unloving child.

WHAT a glorious world this would be if all its inhabitants could say, with Shakspere's shepherd: "Sir, I am a true laborer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; I owe no man hate; envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm."

IT will be found that no man is more to be feared than the man who is willing to tell you all that he knows, because the chances are that he will tell you a great deal more than he knows.

DESPONDENCY is the last of all evils; it is the abandonment of good; the giving up the battle of life with nothingness. He who can infuse courage into the mind is the best physician.

WHATEVER teaches the beauty of goodness, or touches the heart with pure emotion, is religious in its tendency, and only needs embracing in its true spirit to be religious in its results.

Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acids; but love and trust are sweet juices.

OF all human actions, pride the most seldom obtains its end; for while it aims at honor and reputation, it reaps contempt and derision.

IT is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man that he can bear.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

F. W. S.—Rainy Lake is on the border of Minnesota and British America.

A. F. T.—Isabella is a Spanish name, meaning Fair Eliza. The pet names used for it are Bell, Bella and Isa. In Scotland, where it is a great favorite, "Tibby" is the nickname.

READ.—Maria Taglioni, the danseuse, was the daughter of an Italian ballet master. She was born in 1804, went on the stage in 1822, and continued her appearances in public until 1847, when she retired.

LENA.—The Mississippi, in connection with its largest tributary, the Missouri, is the longest river in the world. Length 4,300 miles. The Nile is 4,100 miles long; the Amazon 3,944; the Niger, 2,500; the Lena, 2,500.

COULSON.—To properly ventilate a room, the window or windows should be opened at the bottom as well as at the top, and the door should be opened occasionally, so as to afford a free current of air; but you should not sit in that current of air.

A. B. X.—Dogs should always be well supplied with water; and occasionally a little brimstone in it is of great service. The want of water is often the cause of madness. In continental towns dogs are not allowed to run loose in hot weather.

L. H. V.—Bohemia, a political and administrative province and nominal kingdom of Austro-Hungary, derives its name from the Boii, a Celtic people. The Emperor of Austria bears the title of King of Bohemia. The religion of the state is Roman Catholic.

D. C.—To bleach straw bonnets, get a deep box, airtight, if possible, and place at the bottom a stone, on the stone a flat piece of iron red hot, or a pan of charcoal, on which scatter powdered brimstone; close the lid, and let the bonnets remain one night. There should be hooks in the box, on which to hang the bonnets.

F. F. O.—It is stated by eminent microscopists who have investigated the subject that, on an average, a human hair is about a hundred times the diameter of the largest thread spun by a full-grown spider, and that the diameter of the smallest thread spun by a new-born spider is four hundred times less than the diameter of an old spider's thread.

L. B. D.—1. The President of Mexico is elected for four years. The national language is Spanish, and the Catholic religion predominates, though all other sects are protected by virtue of a law promulgated in 1873. 2. Since the establishment of Mexican independence the city of Mexico has been the scene of a number of revolutions and insurrections.

J. B.—We have not studied chiromancy or the science of telling character from people's hands. A warm dry hand generally accompanies a feverish, sanguine temperament. A moist warm hand, Othello says, denotes a fruitful, generous nature; a cold, dry hand, an inexpansive close fellow; and a cold moist hand, a person of a lymphatic temperament, and with insufficient circulation.

E. A. D.—The first steamer which crossed the Atlantic was the Savannah, which was launched at New York on August 22, 1818. She was intended to ply between New York and Liverpool. She made a preliminary voyage to the city whose name she bore, in April, 1819, where she arrived in seven days, after a very boisterous voyage. She left Savannah for Liverpool soon after, where she arrived in twenty five days.

SERO.—"El Dorado," or "golden illusion," was a land of unbounded wealth. A country answering this description was discovered, according to Orellana, a lieutenant of Pizarro, by himself in South America, between the rivers Orinoco and the Amazon. Sir Walter Raleigh visited Guiana twice, under the impression that it was the "El Dorado" in question, and wrote of its extraordinary wealth, but California subsequently appeared more worthy of the name.

CARMEN.—There is an old saying that "the reformed rake makes a good husband," so it is not impossible that a happy life may be obtained in the way proposed. Everything depends on the personal character, of which of course we have no knowledge. All we can say is, Be very careful whom you trust and do not stake your future on mere protestations or promises of change. There should be a time of probation for proof of amendment.

GEORGIUS.—Starch is made from a number of vegetable products, either fruits, tuberous roots, underground stems, or the pith of trees. The starch granules exist ready formed and only require to be set free from the surrounding tissues. This can be managed in various ways—e. g., as an experiment, take a teaspoonful of flour, tie it up loosely in a piece of calico, and then thoroughly squeeze and mash it in a basin of water. The water will soon become milky, and, if the treatment is continued until the milkiness has reached its maximum, and the water allowed to stand for an hour or two and then poured off, the starch will be found at the bottom. A potato coarsely grated and the raspings and juice tied in a cloth and similarly treated will give the same result. The manufacturing operations are simply modifications of the rough process. The coarsely-crushed grain is allowed to commence fermentation in vats of water, and then the starch is separated by various contrivances. With potatoes, the roots are crushed and the starch is washed out. From rice the starch is separated by grinding and maceration in warm dilute soda lye.

A DREAM.

BY T. L.

I had a dream so pleasing fair,
I fain would dream it o'er again,
As, for the time, old tyrant Care
I could defy, with all his train;
For lo! I dreamt my pathway shone
With gold and silver, which before
With nought but thorns was overstrewn—
And that no longer was I poor.

Ah! now what wonders would I do!
What mighty changes did I plan!
I forth into the world would go,
And aid my struggling fellow man.
I'd break the tyrant's galling yoke,
The war-trump should be heard no more,
And slavery!—but I awoke,
To know, alas, I still was poor!

Awkward for Tabitha.

BY T. S. T.

THE very thing. Eustace, listen. A sitting-room and two bedrooms, close to the sea. Apply to Miss Tabitha Dove, Ivy Corner, Mylton Pogis. The name itself is enough—Tabitha Dove. Can't you see her in your mind's eye?—a delightful old maid, with bunchy curls and a little black silk apron, who will take the most motherly care of you if I should be obliged to come back to the children. I shall write at once."

The speaker—a mother of many, rather embarrassed by the care of a sick brother just invalided from India—laid down the paper and drawing her writing case towards her, promptly began to indite a reply, hardly waiting for any comment from the supine figure on the sofa who only murmured—

"For Heaven's sake ascertain that there are no other lodgers; the one thing I cannot stand is row."

Eustace Harfield felt at the moment tolerably indifferent as to what became of him. He was only just shaking off the effects of a severe illness, and was besides in a rather injured frame of mind.

A few years ago he had taken leave of a heart-broken circle of sisters of whose devotion he had been the exclusive object since his babyhood. He had of course known all about their successive marriages, but had not realized the difference it would make to him till he had been shipped home after rheumatic fever.

They all received him most affectionately, but nobody exactly wanted him. He had amused himself on the homeward voyage by imagining how he could adjust their conflicting claims so as to avoid rousing the jealousy which used in old days to be so ready to spring up, and behold now he was here, it appeared that Annie's house was hardly large enough for an invalid, and Mabel's husband was exacting, and Kate was just going to take her girls to Dresden for music lessons.

Little Carry, the youngest, made him very welcome, but her soul was in her nursery, and he could not stand the children's noise, and was bored to death with the continual talk of Tommy's school report and Kitty's teeth, Joey's scrapes and the squabbles of the twins.

He was no longer ill enough to be a source of anxiety, but sufficiently so to require, or at any rate expect, a great deal of petting and cossetting; so at length Carry, finding herself distracted between her nursery and her invalid, determined heroically to tear herself from her babies and take her brother down to seaside lodgings to recruit, remaining with him till he should be strong enough to be left to himself or to endure the over-crowded rectory.

Mylton Pogis is one of the few lucky seaside nooks that have as yet escaped the octopus arms of the railway. It lies snuggled down among the steep hills of the Dorsetshire coast; a district practically more remote civilization and its drawbacks than the farthest confines of Devon or Cornwall.

At the end of a long hilly drive the traveler finds himself descending a break-neck High Street with irregular houses apparently standing on each others' heads, and ending in a funny little Town Hall with a minute market-place lurking underneath.

"But don't you drive down to Marine Parade?" remonstrated Mrs. Romer, on being requested to descend from the top of the omnibus which had brought them from the five-mile-distant railway, at the door of the hotel. "My brother cannot walk far."

"Oh, it is no distance at all, mum," said the driver. "Just go through them postes at the bottom and there you are."

Through the "postes" they accordingly went, and found themselves on a miniature gravelled esplanade with the sands and the blue sea on one hand, and on the other a succession of about a dozen little cottages, each with its own individual freaks in the way of bow window or verandah, with steps up or steps down, thatched roof or tiles.

Their attendant porter with the baggage not having yet come in sight, and none of the houses deigning to paint up its name as though it could conceive itself unknown, they were somewhat at a loss till a passing baker boy, being interrogated, laconically tossed them "Last house," with a jerk of his head towards the end of the row.

But when they reached the last house it wore, though diminutive, such an air of dignified seclusion, standing back in its morsel of garden—such a look of having no connection with the adjacent lodging houses that they felt mistrustful of the good faith of the baker boy; the more so as there was a young lady in mourning in the front garden, cutting roses.

"I am sure this can't be Ivy Corner," said Captain Harfield; "we had better try back."

Thereupon the young lady came down to the gate and opened it.

"Oh, yes," she said. "This is Ivy Corner. Won't you come in?"

She preceded them into the house, and opening the drawing-room door, showed them in. Then saying "I will call the maid," she vanished, hardly listening to Mrs. Romer's profuse thanks and apologies.

"Faithless Miss Dove," said Captain Harfield, sinking down on a broad cushiony sofa on the window. "There are other lodgers. What a pleasant looking girl."

"It was very civil of her to bring us in, still I think it was rather officious," was Mrs. Romer's comment. She was a disciple of Mrs. Grundy, and would not at all approve of a pretty fellow-lodger scraping acquaintance with her brother and perhaps endeavoring to set up a flirtation with him.

"Really Miss Dove is a person of taste," remarked Eustace later as they sat at tea, letting his eye rove round the room which despite its simplicity looked as little like the ordinary seaside lodging as could well be imagined, with cool chintz covers and soft India muslin curtains instead of the starched abominations that usually fence the windows—to say nothing of the pictures on the walls, chiefly water-color sketches with a few excellent prints.

He drew very well himself and was something of a connoisseur. He rose and began to examine them more closely.

"These things are positively good, you know, and that study of fishing boats in the twilight is really an admirable bit of work. I wonder how on earth the old lady came by them."

"Yes," said his sister, "I was struck by the refinement of all the surroundings when I went upstairs. What good taste she must have. Look at that Indian jar in the corner with the rushes and pampas grass, and those bits of blue delf on the chimneypiece instead of the usual wax horrors under glass shades. My idea is that she must be an old servant and probably had all the furniture and things left her when her mistress died. Nobody of that class would buy things either so simple or so good."

The pleasant impression was maintained next morning. Roses such as the girl in black had been gathering yesterday appeared on the breakfast table, and everything was as daintily served as it could have been had they been guests rather than lodgers.

"You were right about that girl, Eustace," said Mrs. Romer, as she began to pour out the coffee; "she is evidently lodging here. I went out in the garden before you were down, and I saw a smart little bathing-dress hanging on the sweetbriar hedge to dry. I don't think Miss Dove was quite honest about it."

Captain Harfield was, however, not so much disposed to resent the fraud as might have been expected. If it had been children it would have been another matter, but he did not suppose the young lady would interfere with them much; he was inclined to be philosophical.

Altogether he was in a more cheery mood this morning; the soft lap of the tide creeping up over the sand all night had been very soothing, and the sparkle and glitter of the summer morning was irresistible. He liked the notion of having Carry to himself for a little; away from those eternal children she would have leisure to recollect the dear old days and be something of the companion sister he used to be so fond of.

They were in the midst of discussing their programme for an idle dawdling day and a boat in the cool of the evening when their plans were suddenly shattered by a bolt from the blue, delivered by that bird of ill-omen, the telegraph boy.

The little maid rushed in open-mouthed with a yellow envelope in her hand which she evidently divined portended disaster.

Carry turned pale. "I knew it," she cried, as she tore it open. "I felt certain something would happen to the children if I left them. Yes, I told you so, Tommy has broken his arm. What shall I do?"

"Poor little chap," said her brother, much concerned. "You must go back to him of course. He'll be clamoring for 'Mummy.' Never mind me; I shall be all right. You go."

"Dear, dear! And the omnibus starts in half an hour. I ought to go and get ready directly; but I must speak to Miss Dove before I go. Please send her to me at once."

"She has gone out, ma'am," said the maid. "I was to take your orders for the day."

"How unlucky. And I particularly wanted to tell her about all the little things you require, Eustace. Well, I must write." And the little lady bustled off distracted.

A long morning spent in the exhausting occupation of watching the waves sent the invalid in to his one o'clock dinner with unwonted appetite, and great was his indignation when the mutton proved so underdone as to be uneatable.

"My good girl," he said to Mary Anne, who answered his impatient summons, "am I a dog that you s' ould give me raw meat? Take that stuff out and cook it again."

"Please, sir, it wasn't me," responded the injured Mary Anne; "it was missis cooked it. She would do it. I told her she hadn't give herself time enough."

Presently she reappeared with a plate of broiled slices and a message.

"Missis was awfully sorry about the meat, but she hoped the pie-crust would make amends."

"At any rate, 'missis' is rather a cool hand and expresses herself coldly, unless Mary Anne embroiders," thought Eustace to himself.

The pie crust did make amends amply, insomuch that when Mary Anne was clearing away he enquired whether the lodgers habitually lived upon tarts; they seemed so much more successful in that department.

"Law, sir," replied the damsel with a giggle, "you are the very first lodger ever we had. But as to the crust, you see, Miss Dove always was fond of coming into the kitchen to make tarts and mess about with her bits of tea cakes and things; so she says to me, 'Mary Anne,' she says, 'if you can make a light crust you can do anything, so here goes,' she says; but I knew that there mutton wouldn't be done enough. 'Oh, bother the meat,' she says when I told her it had ought to be basted."

"But, my good girl, lodgers aren't the only people that eat. I suppose she and you don't live upon pastry. How comes it that Miss Dove is such a novice?"

"Why, you see, sir, Mrs. Bloomer she always does the cooking, but she was sent for all on the sudden the day before yesterday to go and nurse a sick sister."

"Oh, is that it? Well, it is to be hoped cook's sister may soon be restored to health; but I should have thought a person who let lodgings might have understood how to cook a plain joint."

Next morning Captain Harfield, having wearied himself in vain with the assistance of Mary Anne, to hit upon anything for dinner that was not out of season or otherwise unattainable, came to the conclusion that the fag of ordering his own meals was too great to be sustained, so in spite of the failure of yesterday's roast, he determined to put himself unreservedly in Miss Dove's hands and ask her to cater for him, feeling that in resource she would probably be Mary Anne's superior.

"I really must see Miss Dove," he said, "and if she is out, as she always seems to be, I will wait till she comes in."

Mary Anne went away with this ultimatum, and he flung himself at full length on the sofa with pipe and newspaper to await his landlady.

Presently the door behind him opened, gently.

"Oh, Miss Dove," he said, languidly turning, "I sent for you to——" and broke off abruptly, for it was the tall girl in black, the fellow-lodger, who stood in the doorway. He sprang to his feet with an "I beg your pardon."

"Not at all," she said, coming a step forward. "You sent for me?"

"What a blunderer that Mary Anne is," he said to himself. Aloud—"I wanted to see Miss Dove."

"Yes? I am Miss Dove."

"Why, this must be a niece or something. How very extraordinary," was his inward comment. He looked at her with manifest perplexity.

It was not that she was too gorgeously apparelled; quite the contrary; nothing could have been simpler than her plain black serge skirt and white frilled blouse, only the skirt hung so gracefully; the blouse was so white and crisp. She looked exactly the sort of girl he might have been introduced to as a partner for tennis; only a good deal more striking than most.

"Indeed," he stammered; "but I meant your—your aunt, is she?—the landlady."

"But I am your landlady. There is no Tabitha Dove but me."

There was a moment's pause after this dramatic announcement. Miss Dove tried to meet his look of bewildered dismay with an expression of dignified unconsciousness, but it was too much for her; she broke into a laugh, exclaiming:

"Oh, forgive me for laughing; it is too silly, but I feel as if I were acting a charade and had broken down."

The sound of her mirth was infectious, but Eustace was too completely mystified to yield to it, especially as he was by no means sure he was not being made a fool of. He watched her till her gravity was restored and then said:

"But I don't understand. Is it a hoax or a practical joke or what?"

"No, indeed; only a series of misfortunes and muddles. It was not exactly what I intended, but I thought I could keep myself in the background and worry through; only you would insist on seeing me, and then you would be so astonished at me it upset my gravity. But I am a great deal older than I look"—with a sudden effort to gather up her dignity. And then as an afterthought she added, "I am extremely sorry about the mutton. Perhaps you would rather go elsewhere where the cooking might be better?"

"Not unless you wish me to. Is it inconvenient to you that I should stay?"

He was far too much intrigued to be anxious to cut short his sojourn, but the situation still perplexed him.

"In one way it is rather because my old servant is away; but I don't know that I want you to go, unless you are uncomfortable, for it will make me look such a fool, and besides, it will give my lodgings a bad name if I lose my first people within a week."

The mixture of childish naivete with an effort to take a business-like view which characterized this speech, amused him immensely, but he was still as much befogged as ever.

"I think," he said, "it would simplify matters if you would tell me what are those misfortunes and muddles you referred to, and if you would not mind explaining how you come to be letting lodgings; for I am sure you will not think me impertinent if I say you do rather surprise one in that capacity."

She closed the door and took the chair he placed for her with as easy air that helped to set him too at ease.

"Yes," she said, "that will be best. As you say, I do not belong to the lodging-letting class, and my people would tell you that my doing it is a piece of wilfulness that deserves any scrapes I may get into, but the truth is, it is my only chance of preserving my own independent home, and keeping my dear old servant with me. My father was a retired naval officer, which as you know isn't a very lucrative thing unless you get high up, and he was a man with all sorts of hobbies and one that could never save, so when he died six months ago, I found I had nothing but this cottage and the trifle he left—a mere pittance. My uncles and the lawyer and everybody said of course I must let the house and dismiss the servants and either board cheaply with someone, or better still try for a situation as governess or companion, or something of that sort, so as to save for a rainy day. Such a life would have been a martyrdom to me; I must have my independence; above all, I could not be parted from Nanny, who brought me up. At first I had a wild idea that perhaps I could earn enough by painting to keep us going, but I soon found that would not answer, and I began to be afraid we should have to give in. Then some of my friends suggested that I should advertise for a lady boarder to share expenses—'musical and domesticated,' of course. Imagine it! I couldn't have survived it a week; so at last Nanny and I put our heads together and decided we would let lodgings. I was to be sleeping partner, at least my share of the work

was to be only the accounts and the correspondence. I was to be kept entirely in the background; but, as ill luck would have it, the very day before you came, she was telegraphed for to nurse a sister, and I was left to do the best I could. I thought I could manage, and I intended to transact everything through Mary Anne, but she is such a duffer!"

"I am afraid it was I who was the duffer: I might have known it was a lady's house. And did the uncles consent to your scheme?"

"I did not ask their consent. I simply told them what I was going to do, and asked them to recommend me. I am old enough to manage my own affairs; I have no guardian. Of course they were all desperately angry, and now they will crow. I meant to confront them at the end of the year with such a success, and falsify all their predictions, and I shall be so disappointed if it breaks down at the very outset. It certainly is peculiarly unlucky that my first lodgers should turn out—" she broke off with a comical look—"I did not mean to say anything rude. It is certainly not your fault."

He smiled too. The situation was not without its embarrassing sides, but Tabitha had a way of rushing her fences that turned them into pure comedy. Then he was really touched by her quiet little narrative.

"I see," he said, "I came under false pretences as 'a family,' and as Carry has deserted too, I have turned into that objectionable personage, 'a single gentleman' upon your hands. Well, I can only say I put myself entirely at your disposal. If it is the least awkward for you to have me here I will walk off to the hotel as soon as you please; but it appears to me the simplest plan will be for me to remain. Mrs. Romer, I may remind you, is nominally here; you can send her name to the visitors' list, and I am under no obligations that I know of to describe the age and social status of my landlady in my letters home. Besides," he added, with a laugh, "our natural protectors may be back at any moment. Now what would you like me to do?"

"Stay. As you say, it will be by far the simplest plan. And thank you for being so kind and considerate about it. Do you know, I had such a funny letter from your sister this morning, full of all sorts of directions about what you were to eat. She writes as if I were a sort of old grandmother, charging me to take the most especial care of you."

He threw back his head and laughed.

"I don't know how it was, but Carry made a complete mental picture of you in which she firmly believes, and with which I myself was infected. Spectacles and a black silk apron I know were part of it."

"It must be my absurd name," said Tabitha with some irritation, and then added in a more gentle tone, "I shall try and carry out all her instructions. I am so sorry you have been so ill. If there is anything you want to make you more comfortable you must be sure and tell me, won't you?"

"Thanks. But don't you worry about me. I shall do very well; I am really all right now. But look here, I wish you would answer her letter in character; it would be such a joke to keep up the farce."

She nodded—she was child enough to love a joke—and rose to go, but as she reached the door she turned round. "Oh, but you quite forgot to tell me what it was you sent to me about," she said.

"Oh, that was nothing; only to ask an imaginary old lady to order my dinners for me. I could not think of troubling you; Mary Anne and I will manage all that."

"Is that all? I will settle dinner every day if you prefer it, and I will try and not give you any more raw meat."

And he reflected as she shut the door that rather than annoy her in any way, he would live uncomplainingly on raw meat for the rest of his stay.

Fortunately for the success of Tabitha's experiment, Eustace Harfield was the last man in the world to cause her embarrassment or take advantage of the position in which he found himself.

Unobtrusive and shy with women, he was the sort of man who might have been trusted in a ladies' school. If she had not been instinctively aware that she might have confidence in him she would have packed him off remorselessly to the hotel, but she had a woman's quickness in reading character, and knew she need not be the least afraid of him. Indeed he respected her wish to keep in the background to the degree that for a week she hardly saw him.

Then at last one evening they encountered each other on the miniature stone jetty that ran out into the sea in front of the windows and was just barely wide enough for two people to walk on abreast.

He had felt himself bound in honor to avoid her indoors, but she had been pretty constantly in his thoughts, and this was neutral ground.

Of course to begin with they exchanged the usual banal remarks about the weather, which, like the inevitable "Dear so and so" at the beginning of a letter, stand at the threshold of all intercourse. But it was a lovely evening—sufficiently so to justify remark. A broad silver moon was hardly holding her own against the rosy glow of fading sunset, and the sea had that lambent clearness that makes one long to plunge down—down into the green depths.

"What a night for a row," cried Tabitha. "I wish, oh, how I wish I had my boat."

"You used to have a boat of your own?"

"Yes; such a dear little light cockle shell; but I had to sell her. On such evenings as this I used to row about the bay for hours alone or with father."

"Will you come for a row with me? I could run round to the harbor and get a boat in one minute."

"It would be too delicious. Yes, I will come."

Five minutes later a little white boat came softly in under the jetty, and Tabitha, who had gone back to the house, came running down, her arms full of rugs and cushions

"Well, you are luxurious," he said, as she threw them down to him one after another, and then took his hand to jump in.

"Oh, those are for you. I am going to take the oars and you are to sit in the stern and make yourself snug. I don't forget that you have been ill and are in my charge. I am the captain of this vessel, and I do not allow anyone to dispute my authority."

He yielded laughing to her imperious mandate, and she threw off the little Eton jacket she wore over her white blouse and went to work in most seamanlike style. It was pleasant to lean back against her soft cushions and watch the way she handled her sculls, the play of her firm wrists and the graceful bending to and fro of her lithe figure.

It was pretty to see the warm color the exercise brought into her face as it bent near him and drew back in rhythmical motion. They did not talk much; she was too busy and he too languidly content; but with each exchange of fragmentary remarks, still more with each long pause of sociable silence, they seemed to grow more friendly.

They passed the harbor lights and pulled out into the broad dim twilight beyond, and it was nearly dark when the little boat touched the jetty again.

Next day he came upon her sketching on the undercliff. She was wrestling not very successfully with a mass of varying green in its full midsummer richness, and was glad enough to throw down her brushes and let him give her a lesson, as he was thoroughly competent to do.

And then the shadows grew too long, and with very little pressing she consented to hide her paraphernalia under an elder bush and guide him along the cliff path to a little rocky bay a mile or so further on that he had been in search of.

After that scarcely a day passed that they did not meet and join in a long ramble or an evening row. It was always by accident; they never made any plans beforehand, but he got to know just where he should be likely to find her, and Tabitha said to herself it would be a piece of unnecessary prudishness to refuse to go.

Of course it was a foregone conclusion. Even if Tabitha had been far less pretty and charming that she was it could hardly have ended otherwise; two young people thrown together under such whimsical conditions were almost bound to fall in love unless there had been any previous entanglements, and these two started perfectly heartwhole.

At the end of a fortnight Eustace was very far gone indeed, but just as he arrived at the point of confessing as much to himself in his private meditations their meetings suddenly stopped short.

He no longer encountered her on her jetty nor on any of her favorite walks, and he would not attempt to waylay her in the house; he felt himself as it were on parole, and submitted unconditionally.

But it made a wonderful difference in the attractions of Mylton Pogis; the little parade seemed to have grown dull and lifeless, and he found himself sighing for the return of Carry, or better still, for that of old Nanny, as Miss Dove always called her duenna.

Had Carry had the slightest idea of the peril in which her brother stood, she would have undoubtedly flown to the rescue. Her little boy was nearly well again by this time, but she could not make up her mind to forsake her brood again, as Eustace sent such good accounts of himself, and besides his occasional mention of Miss Dove convinced her that he was in excellent hands.

"What a truly marvellous gift you women have of reading character from a mere name," he had observed in one letter; "I often laugh to myself when I look at Miss Dove and recall your graphic picture?" And in another, "The old lady really outdoes you in care for my health; she is always lecturing me, and when we had a shower or two the other day I almost fancied she would have made me buy a pair of galoshes."

These romances he now recalled with some embarrassment, and wished he had not so completely given the reins to his fancy; if it came to announcing an engagement he would look rather foolish.

How long this posture of affairs could have been maintained it is difficult to say; Eustace would probably have soon reached the limits of his patience, but before it had lasted quite a week this new aloofness was suddenly broken up.

Either he missed Tabitha's company so much that dulness drove him to excesses in the way of exertion, or he overrated his nearly restored strength, or he took a chill; but one evening Mary Anne, carrying in his supper, found him stretched on the sofa in a condition so alarming to her inexperience, that, depositing the tray with a bang, she burst in upon her mistress with the intelligence that she thought Captain Harfield was dying.

Down flew Tabitha to find her lodger, not dead indeed, but prostrate, white and panting, and clearly in need of aid of some kind. He was not unconscious, but tried to gasp out; "Stupid Mary Anne! I told her not to frighten you."

Brandy seemed the most obvious thing to try, and raising his head on her arm, Tabitha managed to force a little into his mouth.

Then while Mary Anne ran bonnetless for the doctor, she sat beside him, watching him distressfully, with a sense of utter helplessness, feeling it was brutal to do nothing, but without the faintest idea what to do. But at least she had the humanity to refrain from asking him every minute whether he felt better.

She was horribly frightened and overwhelmed with a sense of her own incapacity as a nurse, and, moreover, in spite of her very real and deep concern, she could not help feeling that this new development added greatly to the awkwardness of the situation.

Supposing—just supposing—he were to die. She passed a decidedly mauvais quart d' heure till the doctor came, though the patient began to revive a little, and drew himself up into a less deathlike posture. As Doctor Dibbs bustled in she slipped away, and awaited his coming out in her little back dining-room.

She was not much afraid of him luckily; he was an old friend, and she knew his wife. They were aware of her circumstances, and though they might laugh at the result of her experiment, they would never gossip about it.

"Why, Miss Tabitha," said he presently as she waylaid him, "you look worse than the patient. I think I had better prescribe for you. You need not be frightened about our friend, he will probably be all right in the morning. He must keep quiet, and be a little more careful."

"Then you think I need not send for his sister?" said Tabitha. That would be a respite. She did rather dread encountering Mrs. Romer after the silly fraud they had practised upon her.

"Oh, dear, no; not unless he should get another attack, which I see no reason to fear. He has had rheumatic fever, he tells me, and it has left his heart in rather a funny state. He mustn't go tramping over Ninebarrow Down and the White Nose again. You and your old woman—what is her name?"—Mrs. Bloomer—must keep him in better order. Don't you worry about him. She is a famous nurse if he should get another bad turn."

"Yes," said Tabitha, "but unluckily she has been sent for to her own family. I am expecting her back every day, but for the moment I am without her."

"Oh! So there is nobody but you to look after him?"

"And Mary Anne," responded Tabitha with dignity. "It is certainly most unfortunate. I should never have taken in an invalid if he had not had a sister with him, but she had to go some for some reason. I had no notion of turning my house into a hospital."

She spoke with great asperity. Half-an-hour ago she had felt ready to lay down her life for the sick man; now, in the revulsion of hearing that there was no cause for alarm, she felt quite indignant; and in the fear of betraying too tender an interest, she appeared almost savage.

Doctor Dibbs looked at her, and his eyes twinkled.

"Never mind," he said. "If he should be going to be ill, which I don't think is the case, we can soon get him a hospital nurse, and you shall come and stay with Laura. I'll look in early to-morrow, and I expect he will be all right."

As he foretold, the next morning the patient was downstairs, and almost himself again. There were no more palpitations, and any talk of sending for either sister or nurse would have seemed absurd. He did rather expect that his landlady would have come after breakfast to enquire for him, and was a little disappointed that she did not, but contented herself with a civil message through Mary Anne.

In the afternoon that young woman, going out with a tray, had left the door ajar, and he heard a lady's voice in the front hall.

"Well, Tabitha dear," and there was the sound of a kiss, "how is your white elephant? Dick says——"

And then from Tabitha: "Oh, take care. Hush! Come upstairs. He will hear you."

Mrs. Dibbs was on rather intimate terms with Tabitha, and when they had reached the latter's sanctum took the privilege of friendship to chaff her unmercifully about her lodger and the complications to which her experiment had given rise. She was one of those people to whom a joke is all important, and she would sooner risk endangering a friendship than miss insisting on the comical aspect of affairs. She wound up with a piece of advice.

"Well, my dear, to my mind by far the best thing you could do would be to marry him."

"Marry him!" cried Tabitha, her face aflame. "Never! He is the very last man in the world I could ever dream of marrying."

"But why? I thought he was rather nice. Dick said so, I am sure. Don't you like him?"

"What has that to do with it? Why, I should feel exactly as if I had advertised in the Matrimonial Gazette, and he was the result."

Next day Captain Harfield requested an interview, and was formally conducted by Mary Anne into the little north room that Tabitha called her studio, and where she kept a wonderful array of easels, paint boxes, and palettes.

She received him somewhat stiffly, and hoped he was better, with an entire absence of the easy friendliness which he had found so charming. He declined the chair which she hastily cleared of a sheaf of brushes and a soppy paint rag, and remained standing.

"Your white elephant is going to relieve you of his presence, Miss Dove," he began rather awkwardly. "I think of leaving you next Tuesday."

"Oh!" she cried. "You overheard what that rude, ill-bred woman said in the hall yesterday. It was too bad. I never called you a white elephant."

"No, no. You never said anything unkind, I know; but I am quite sure I have been rather a nuisance. Besides, you know I shall have been here a month."

"I don't wonder you have had enough of it. Letting lodgings isn't as easy as I had supposed. You have put up with the most atrocious amateur cooking with the patience of Job. But Nanny is coming home to-night, I am thankful to say, so the next people won't be so badly treated."

"Oh, you are thinking of the next people already, are you?" he said in rather a bitter tone.

She looked up surprised and a little amused.

"Well, naturally I must think of the next people, don't you see? I shall have to put my nets out at once."

Then her own phrase struck her with a most disagreeable reminder of Mrs. Dibbs, and she blushed violently. She wished he would go, but he seemed to have no such intention.

He began turning over a portfolio of sketches with unseeing eyes. He had something more to say of more importance than giving notice, and had no notion how to begin. He had had absolutely no previous practice, and was not enough of a novel reader to be well up in the subject of "how men propose."

"How I wish she would give me a lead over," he said to himself, which presently

she most innocently did.

The silence was becoming very irksome, and she had taken up a brush and begun to work on a study of trees on her easel, but it made her nervous to have him standing at her elbow. To break it she suddenly asked: "Shall I ever make anything of this, do you think?"

"Oh, I think so. You want to work in your shadows more broadly; and if I were you I should sponge out a good deal of that detail in the corner."

"I did not mean this particular sketch. I meant shall I ever be able to make a living out of it? I don't want to let lodgings all my life."

"Well," he said, "honestly I doubt if you ever will. You have a lot of taste and feeling for color and all that; but, after all, it is amateur work, don't you see?"

"Like my cooking. Well——" She left her sentence unfinished and dabbed a wet sponge remorselessly over the offending foreground.

Here was his opening, and he plunged into it.

"Why should you have to do either? Won't you let me make a home for you? Should you be afraid of India? Will you marry me?"

And Tabitha wholly forgot about the "Matrimonial Gazette," and the jokes Mrs. Dibbs might make about his having been taken in and done for: or only recollected it with a smile some time after, when she was sitting with her head on his shoulder, and he was entertaining her with a whimsical picture of what Carry would say when he broke it to her that he was going to marry the old lady with the black silk apron and bunchy curls.

But the sisters, when once they had got over the shock, and were able to grasp the true situation, welcomed their brother's choice very cordially; and Tabitha's experiment was soon forgotten, for it needly hardly be said her first lodger was also her last.

The Yellow Domino.

BY F. G.

DURING the latter part of the reign of Louis XV., of France, masquerades were in high estimation, and public ones were often given, at immense cost, on court days and other occasions of rejoicing. To these latter, persons of all ranks, who could afford to purchase a ticket, were admissible: and accordingly rencontres frequently took place at them, and exhibitions almost as curious in the way of disguise as in the assumption of character.

Little chance adventures of an amusing character were at that peroid not at all uncommon; and indeed at these entertainments strange groups and characters were often purposely concerted by their directors and managers.

At other times, feats of legerdemain or activity were performed; and on one occasion, it is well known, a Genoese—the Ducrow of his day—walked upon a tight-rope, surrounded by fireworks, which made him visible to all Paris, from the top of one of the towers of the metropolitan cathedral of Notre Dame, into the window of a house near an opposite bridge, called the Pont au Change.

Perhaps, however, the most whimsical among the genuine surprises recorded at any of those spectacles, was that which occurred in Paris on the 15th of October, the day on which the Dauphin, eldest son of Louis XV., attained his majority.

At this fete, which was of a peculiarly magnificent character—so much so, that the details of it are given at great length by historians of the day—the strange behavior of a personage in a yellow domino excited general attention very early in the evening. The mask, in short, who, if we except tallness with the most robust proportions, showed nothing remarkable as to figure, seemed to be gifted with an appetite, not merely past all human conception, but exceeding even the wildest fancies of romance. Even the dragon of old who churches ate was but a nibbler—a mere Jackey-Go-Easy—to this stranger of the yellow domino, who, with an alacrity and perseverance as astonish'ng as it was edifying, went from room, and from one refreshment table to another, not merely tasting, but devouring, devastating all before him! At one side-board he coolly despatched a fowl, two-thirds of a ham, and half-a-dozen bottles of champagne, and the very next moment he was found seated in another apartment performing the same feat with a stomach even keener than the first. This strange course was persevered in steadily the whole evening, until the company, who had at first been much amused by it, became alike alarmed and unruly.

"Is it the same mask, or are there several dominos?" demanded an officer of the guard, as the yellow domino rose from a seat opposite to him, and quitted the apartment.

"I have seen but one; and, by Heaven, here he is again!" exclaimed the party to whom the query was addressed.

The yellow domino spoke not a word; but proceeded straight to the vacant seat which he had just left, and again commenced supping as though he had fasted a whole month of Sundays.

At length the confusion which this proceeding created became universal, and the cause of the clamor reached the ears of the Dauphin.

"He is the very deuce, your highness!" exclaimed an old nobleman, "saving your royal highness' presence; or wants but a tail to be so."

"Say, rather, he is some poor famished poet, by his appetite," replied the prince, laughing. "But there must be some juggle in all this; he spills the wine, and hides the provisions under his dress."

"Your highness shall immediately wit ness the absence of juggle," continued the nobleman, "with your own eyes, for see," —and he pointed to the door of the apartment from which the yellow domino had that instant emerged, and was as usual proceeding directly to the refreshment table.

Having seated himself with much apparent complacency, the yellow domino, seizing a bottle before him, drank glass after glass with a gusto and avidity for at least half-a dozen rounds truly astounding. But this appeared to be a mere preliminary movement for clearing the way for solid and serious mastication, for immediately after he boldly attacked a fowl which lay most invitingly before him, and which, cut by cut, now began to disappear by whole wings and legs at a time.

The prince, accompanied by his courtiers, looked on in silence, while the old nobleman, who had formerly spoken, solemnly assured him that he had seen him do that feat three times.

"Thrice, my lord?"—thrice?" interrupted another courtier, in rather a contemptuous tone; "why, I can pledge my honor that I have seen him at it eight times."

"Say ten times, my lord duke," cried another, "and you are nearer the truth."

"And nearer still, if you say fifteen," said the Marquis Le Verd. "I have watched the fellow this whole evening, and I can assure your highness this is the fifteenth time I have witnessed his repasts."

"Say you so!" replied the prince, all curiosity. "Call the master of the ceremonies; we are anxious to know a little more of our guest."

The master of the ceremonies, however, on being asked, knew nothing about him; and the yellow domino was of course, very unceremoniously, as well as unseasonably, interrupted, just and he was lifting a bumper of claret to his lips.

"The prince desires that monsieur who wears the yellow domino will immediately unmask," repeated the master of the ceremonies, with awful solemnity.

The yellow domino stared at him, and hesitated.

"The command with which his highness honors monsieur is absolutely imperative," continued the master of the ceremonies.

"Oho!" bawled the mask, with a shrug of his shoulders; "against imperative orders there is no contending."

The yellow domino immediately threw off his mask and domino, and revealed to the astonished prince and his attending nobles a private trooper of the Irish brigade, then in the service of France. At this unexpected discovery the Dauphin had extreme difficulty in restraining both his own and the mirth of his attendants. Introducing, however, as much severity into his countenance and voice as he could, he commenced with, "Now, in the name of all that is ravenous, my good friend—not to inquire how you obtained admission—how have you contrived to sup to-night so many times?"

"Many times!" repeated the trooper; "why, with all due reverence be is spoken, sire, I was but beginning to sup when your royal message brought me to a halt."

"Beginning!" exclaimed the Dauphin, in amazement. "Then, what is it that I have heard and seen? Where are the fowls and the joints that have disappeared, along with the dozens of bottles of Burgundy, claret, and champagne? I insist upon knowing how all this is."

"It is, sire," replied the trooper, after considerable hesitation, "it is, may it please your highness' grace, because the troop I belong to is on guard to-day, and we purchased a fete ticket among us, providing ourselves at the same time with a yellow domino, which fits us all. By this means, the whole of our front rank—myself being the last man—have supped, if the truth must be told, most gloriously; and the first of the rear rank, saving your royal highness' command, is now below waiting anxiously outside the door, ready to fall in and take his turn."

The Dauphin laughed, and ordered up all the men, to finish what was on the tables.

ORIGIN OF SUNDAY.—"The opinion which required a great Sabbatrian strictness, has in all likelihood been largely consequent upon the Reformation, and, without critical investigation of the case, has rested practically upon the Fourth Commandment of the Decalogue as it stands. It did not, however, arise at once out of the great movement, even in Scotland, where it eventually attained a pitch of rigor and exhibited a tenacity of life probably greater than in any other Christian country." writes W. E. Gladstone in McClure's Magazine.

If we measure things not as they are divinely intended, nor as they are in themselves, but as they are subjectively entertained, it might be a question whether the Scottish Sabbath was not for two hundred years a greater Christian sacrament, a larger, more vital and more influential fact in the Christianity of the country, than the annual or sometimes semi-annual, celebration of the Lord's Supper, or the initiatory rite of baptism, or both together.

I remember that when half a century ago ships were despatched from Scottish ports to South Australia, then in its infancy, laden with well organized companies of emigrants, I read in the published account of one of them that perfect religious toleration was established as the rule on board, but that with regard to a fundamental article of religion like the Sabbath, every one was, of course, required to observe it.

Many anecdotes might be given which illustrate the same idea—an idea open to criticism, but one with which the Presbyterian Church cannot well afford to part without some risk to the public power and general influence of religion.

The seventh day of the week has been deposed from its title to obligatory religious observance, and its prerogative has been carried over to be first; under no direct precept of Scripture, but yet with a Biblical record of facts, all supplied by St. John, which go far towards showing that among the Apostles themselves, and therefore from apostolic times, the practice of divine worship on the Lord's Day has been continuously and firmly established. The Christian community took upon itself to alter the form of the Jewish ordinance; but this was with a view to giving larger effect to its spiritual purpose.

The seventh day had been ordained as most appropriate, according to the Decalogue, for commemorating the old creation. The advent of our Lord introduced us to a chain of events, by which alone the benefits of the old creation were secured to us, together with the yet higher benefits of the new. The series of those events culminated in the Resurrection. When the Resurrection began for the Saviour Himself a rest from all that was painful in the process of redemption, as on the seventh day there had begun a rest from the constructive labors that had brought the visible world into existence and maturity.

The seventh day was the festival of the old life, accompanied with an exemption from its divinely appointed burdens. The first day was the festival of the new life, and was crowned with its constant and joyous exercise. The ordinances of joint worship exhibit one particular form of that exercise. The act of the Church or Christian community in altering the day was founded on this broad and solid analogy; and was also, as has been said, warranted by the evidence of apostolic practice.

JACK: "I have a chance to marry a poor girl whom I love or a rich woman whom I do not love. What would you advise?" George: "Love is the salt of life, my friend. Without it all else is naught. Love, pure love, makes poverty wealth, pain a joy, earth a heaven." "Enough! I will marry the poor girl whom I love." "Bravely spoken! By the way, would you—er—mind introducing me to the rich woman whom you do not love?"

The peculiarity of Dobbins' Electric Soap is that it acts right on the dirt and stains in clothes and make them pure as snow, at the same time it preserves the clothes, and makes them keep clean longer. Have your grocer order it.

At Home and Abroad.

A Baltimore man swallowed his glass eye the other night by drinking a goblet of water in which it had been placed.

Prince Bismarck is very fond of the students of the German universities. He believes that they are the most loyal subjects the Emperor possesses, and the old statesman looks to the students for the preservation of the empire that he did so much to establish. There is quite a vein of romance in Bismarck's make-up, and he loves to talk of the days when he was a careless and popular collegian.

In the Chinese language the meaning depends more on the tone in which the word is spoken than on the word itself. The same word may have a dozen entirely different meanings according to the tone in which it is spoken. The fact not only makes it difficult for foreigners to learn Chinese, but retards Chinese progress by making it hard to keep an accurate and easily translated record of thought. On such a record more than on any other one thing progressive civilization depends.

The suggestion that acetylene, because of its cheap production from the carbide of calcium, might be made to displace the use of coal gas and other illuminants has attracted general attention. In a late discussion of the subject at a meeting of English chemists it was pointed out that there was a certain danger in the use of acetylene because it was easily decomposable by shock or percussion. For this reason it was urged it will be unsafe to keep this gas, as had been proposed, in a condensed state in steel cylinders. In that condition it would be deemed dangerous.

Jorazo Kikuoki, who is a Japanese student at the University of Michigan, has contributed an article entitled "The Criminal Law of Japan" to "The Michigan Law Journal." He says that a great advance has been made in many respects within a few years in the administration of the criminal law. The punishments for murder and some other crimes are not greatly dissimilar to those in other countries. One peculiar feature is that an intention to commit a crime against the Royal family is punishable by death, although no act has been committed tending to carry out the intention.

The distance which derelicts travel is much greater than is generally supposed. A careful record of observations has resulted in the preparation of a chart which shows that the hulk of the schooner Fannie E. Wolston has drifted, during the last five years, more than 10,000 miles. This calculation is based on 46 reports of its having been sighted. Another derelict, which began its wanderings in 1891, drifted about 3500 miles up to the time it was last seen, when it had been float 615 days. The W. L. White, another floating terror of the sea, roamed over the North Atlantic for 310 days, covering, in that time, about 6000 miles.

An undertaker at Red Key claims he has secured a secret from an old hermit which promises to revolutionize the art of embalming. He learned it of an aged man who lived in the mountains of West Virginia, in a lonely cabin, and residents of the neighborhood believed him insane and that his house was haunted. A visit to the hermit's cabin was paid by the undertaker and a friend. The floors of the two lower rooms of the cabin were carpeted with the finest rugs made from the skins of animals and preserved by the hermit. The rugs consists of the skins of coons, cats, snakes, frogs, minks, etc. The skins were perfectly preserved, and were as natural as if just taken from the animal. Up stairs were three bodies which the hermit said he had obtained years ago. They looked as if death had come but yesterday. The hermit also had bodies of different animals all looking as natural as life. The first experiment with the fluid will be made in a medical college in Baltimore, Md.

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with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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Our Young Folks.

SAVED BY AN ELEPHANT.

MOHUN and Radha had grown up together. Radha was the elephant, named after the wife of one of the many Hindoo gods, and Mohun was the son of the old Mahout, Radha's own particular attendant.

Radha, young and only half-trained, was brought in from the "Keddah" in the forest, where they catch and tame the wild young elephants, and chained by his foot to a peg in the ground, or the nearest tree, in the long row of elephants in the Government Yard, destined to work for the sovereign lady the Queen.

Little Mohun, not a bit afraid of the big beast, would play about round him, with in reach of his huge paws and twisting, twirling trunk. He would feed Radha with one of the great flap-jack cakes which, along with sugar-cane and dry grass, made up his meal. Meanwhile Radha would wash himself with a wisp of grass in his trunk to keep off the flies, swaying the while gently from side to side, as an anchored ship sways in the tideway; or if the sun were very hot, try to cool his burning hide by pouring over it little powderings of dust.

If any stranger had dared to feed him or order him about, it would have been the worse for the stranger, for elephants know but one master. In Radha's case, however, it would seem as if he recognized Mohun as a sort of deputy-master. He would let the boy stand close to him, and lay his head against Radha's long tender trunk, calling him pet names, such as Radha pyari, love, or darling.

Great was Mohun's delight when, as he grew bigger, he was allowed to assist in Radha's toilet.

The process of Radha's toilet was as follows: First he washed close to the brink of the well, where he was gradually trained to be useful, and to draw up his own water by working the bucket with his trunk. Then he was made to lie down, raising head or leg at a word, while Mohun and his father climbed about him with—not a sponge, but a brickbat-rubber, which was just the thing for Radha's tough hide.

He was, however, generally inattentive during the process, blowing clouds of vapor from his trunk, lifting up the wrong leg, rolling over at the wrong time; and he had to be scolded, and even slapped. But when the washing was over he would sling his nurses up on to his neck with his trunk, or give them a "leg-up" behind, in a friendly fashion, and shuffle back to the yard to be dressed in the howdah pad, girthed on with cotton ropes over flaps of leather, to prevent his skin chafing, and be thus made ready for his work.

It was Mohun's great ambition, when his mother was too old for work, to be allowed to succeed him as Radha's attendant. Great was his joy, therefore, when Radha having been sent to a Government engineer who was building a bridge over a river at the foot of the mountains, he was permitted to accompany him. Radha was of as much help as a hundred coolies in the heavy toil of carrying timbers he was unrivaled. He piled the logs, carrying the small ones on his tusks clipped over and held by his trunk.

By way of a holiday, the engineer determined one day to have a day's sport tiger-shooting, and it was absolutely necessary that Radha and the other elephants should help them in their play as they did in their work, for they were wanted to beat the jungle for the game.

A tiger had been heard of that had killed a cow in the forest not far off, and sportsmen and servants and coolies were eager to be off after him. Mohun hoped against hope that he might be allowed to accompany Radha, but, alas! there was small chance. He was not the Mahout, and would not be wanted.

When the early morning dawned, damp and misty, the great mountains looming large overhead, the elephants stood ready saddled with their howdahs outside the sportsmen's tents, on each elephant its attendant, in each howdah a servant to load for the sportsman. Disconsolate, poor Mohun stood and looked up at his favorite beast. The signal to move on had been given.

"Good-bye, Radha pyari!" exclaimed the lad. "I hope you'll have a pleasant—"

He never finished his sentence, for Radha whisked his trunk round him, and had seized him and deposited him on his back before Mohun knew what he was about. Evidently Radha did not wish Mohun to be left behind, and so he was allowed to stay where the elephant had placed him.

The great beasts waded through the forest and the tall elephant grass till they came to a patch of jungle where the tiger was taking a nap. Then some of the elephants were sent in to beat the jungle by marching through it and driving him out; while ten others, of which Radha was one, each with a sportsman on his back, waited at the far end to watch for the tiger when he emerged.

They had not long to wait, and they waited motionless, for Radha evidently knew something was going on, and smelt the tiger. Presently a patch of tawny color was seen flashing on the outskirts of the grass.

There was a shot from the sportsman on the other elephant, and before anyone could prevent it a wounded tiger sprang on to Radha's back, holding on to the trappings of the howdah by its claws. It sprang on the side of the elephant on which Mohun was sitting, and might have dug its claws into him had he not slipped off on to the ground with all the haste he could possibly make.

Quicker than it takes to tell, a shot from the sportsman in the howdah—shooting in peril of his life—had dislodged the unexpected passenger, who, dropping wounded and enraged to the ground, turned on the nearest victim he could see, who happened to be Mohun.

The latter, in his hurried descent from Radha's back, had fallen headlong into the grass, and before he could pick himself up, the tiger would have sprung upon him, had not the elephant interfered.

Once more, quick as lightning, the agile trunk swooped down upon Mohun, and picking him up, deposited him again in safety, while Radha, who had no mind to carry a tiger pick-a-back, bolted off through the forest, with uplifted trunk, trumpeting with fright; and a final shot stretched the tiger dead upon the ground.

Radha had a treat for his supper that night: a reward for saving Mohun's life—a sort of tipsy cake: brandy, ginger, cloves, pepper, treacle, mixed with flour, such as elephants love.

UTAH'S GREAT TUNNEL.

THE 5,000 inhabitants of Park City are still joyful to a man over the completion not long ago of the great drain tunnel of the Ontario mine, an achievement that has cost the company nearly a million of dollars. This tunnel, hardly less famous than the colossal mine from which it takes its name, bores into the heart of the mountains to a depth of 15,450 feet, and is eight feet high, five and a half feet wide at the bottom, and four and a half feet wide at the top.

The work has been pushed with indomitable skill and perseverence under the superintendence of R. C. Chambers of San Francisco, who is well known throughout the mining circles of California and Utah. The plan of the tunnel—a superb feat in mining engineering—was drawn by O. A. Palmer, and much credit is also due to the foreman in charge, John Keeley, who has stood by the work unfalteringly through much discouragement and no small personal risk to himself and men.

The Ontario tunnel drains not only the Ontario and Daly mines, but also does much to lessen the flow of water in the nearest group of mines, all of which are included in the exhaustless silver belt that lies thirty miles east of Salt Lake City, in the Wasatch Mountains. The enormous inflow of water in these extensive silver workings has been a growing problem to the miner since the first ore was taken out of the Ontario nearly a quarter of a century ago.

Formerly sixteen powerful pumps were kept constantly going day and night to prevent the drowning of this mine. That was before the introduction of the Cornish pump in shaft 3. Since then the giant machinery belonging to this pump is the chief wonder to visitors going through the labyrinthine windings of the Ontario. The cyclopean wheel is ninety feet in circumference, and the two six-inch plungers will raise from 2,000 to 3,000 gallons at every stroke.

To go down a 1,500-foot shaft to explore the wet mysteries of the Ontario tunnel is an experience not to be neglected should opportunity offer. One steps cautiously on the cage and the foreman rings a bell connected with the hoisting engine. On the instant we are plunged into the black pit of the shaft with no jar and hardly an oscillation of the flat, tarry cable.

Every hundred feet the light of a "station" flashes into view, only to be followed by several more seconds of pitchy darkness. The fresh gusts of air from these ways tunnels flare the candle held by the foreman. So excellent, indeed, is the ventilation of the vast honeycomb of tunnels, shafts, and stopes that make make up the Ontario mine that no inconvenience is felt in breathing, only a delightful lightening of weight—a sense that some burden of flesh had been recklessly discarded in the sunshine above. We were told that it took seconds and not minutes for the cage to drop further than the length of a Salt Lake City block—and any tourist through Utah knows that this means a good ten acres.

When we dizzily brought up on the damp platform of the 1,000 foot level a sound like the beating of surf struck upon our ears. A few feet away, under the sweating arch of an elbow in the tunnel, the water rushed with a deafening noise from the two ponderous columns of the Cornish pump. The force of these underground torrents is hardly credible. They cut deep channels alongside the car tracks, burst from rock clefts in streams the thickness of a man's arm, and pour furiously down the burly pipes braced against the wall and following toward the mouth. Extra pumps are kept set up at various intersections to be called into play in case of accident to those in use.

The miners wear rubber boots and coats which shine and drip with wet. While the excavating of the tunnel was still in progress it was estimated that one day out of every three was lost on account of the in-rush of water. It finally became necessary to run two parallel tunnels to relieve the pressure on the main tunnel.

At one time the patient gang of miners forced their way through 1,200 feet of break or dislocation of country where the earth was so crushed that it was almost like coarse sand. These difficulties made the work slow and dangerous, and the sides and roof had to be thoroughly timbered and closely "lagged" to prevent the ground from running.

Notwithstanding these and other precautions known to modern mining, more than one intrepid life was sacrificed to the carrying out of this great industrial project.

Sometimes there would be a caving in of water-soaked earth or the falling of undermined rocks where gray-faced figures toiled grimly underneath. Again, there would be the splintering of heavy timbers, or a dreaded "ground swell"—a sort of convulsion of the earth that makes match wood of the strongest beam.

When the ground resisted the miners' tools the great branching tunnel grew at the rate of ten feet per day, and it has taken many years to finish it. In 1891 it measured one mile from its mouth below the enormous mill in the gulch, and now at its completion it is more than three times that length.

OLD RELICS.—Thrilling with that curious pleasure which comes to those of us who are romantic when turning over the relics of the past, with what interest we handle old letters, yellow with age, but still tied with the true love knot of blue ribbon; volumes of poetry with inscriptions of the enthusiastic sort, now out of date, written in an elegant hand on the flyleaf, and with the tenderest verses marked with rose-leaves.

Silken scarfs to which time has given mellow tints no buyer wots of; quaint garments that make one smile, yet which may have set off dimpled beauty rarely; a sword on which the rust of a century has gathered; a great watch that still has power to tick, though its maker and he who wore it have been ashes for generations.

And suddenly, in the midst of our enjoyment, a thought will creep over us that makes our hearts stand still. The time must come—will surely come, if we leave anything behind us—when gay young folk, whose grandmothers are yet unborn, will some day find a treasure in some queer old things they have discovered just fit for the next masquerade; and those "queer old things" will be our present best clothes—and the bonnet that was thought a "love" in Paris.

They will peep into our letters, and try to make love-stories out of them, and wonder at our taste in books; and we—well, at least, we shall not be here. The earth will be ours no more—its pleasant places or its shadows, its griefs or its delights. As the rose we pluck, the odor we inhale, we shall be gone, as those are over whose relics we pore to-day.

WANTED—A long vacation for students in the School of Adversity.

The days of colds and Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup are at hand. Better buy a bottle.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Trains in Russia rarely exceed twenty-two miles an hour.

Glass windows in a room should occupy one tenth of its floor area.

There are 1425 characters in the 24 books that Charles Dickens wrote.

An 8-year-old boy has been arrested in New York charged with burglary.

Total abstinence in dinner-giving circles is on the increase in London.

In proportion to its size, a fly walks thirty-five times as fast as a human being.

The Bible has now been translated into 66 of the languages and dialects of Africa.

The chief causes of wrinkles are supposed to be mental worry and excessive laughter.

Two hundred and thirty miles have been ridden on a bicycle without dismounting.

On election day, or during the public festivities, no spirits are allowed to be sold in Norway.

A man breathes about eighteen pints of air in a minute, or upwards of seven hogsheads in a day.

Since the beginning of the century the English-speaking world has increased from 21,000,000 to 125,000,000.

This country imports from Greece annually many thousand pounds of so-called dried currants, which are really small raisins.

Gold may yet be mined in New York State if it becomes much dearer. There are gold-bearing strata in the Adirondack Mountains.

Next year will witness the fourteenth centenary of the conversion of France to Christianity. The event is to be celebrated at Rheims.

Within the Antarctic circle there has never been found a flowering plant. In the Arctic regions there are 762 different species of flowers.

Success seems assured to the new Olympic games in Athens next year, $40,000 having already been subscribed for their establishment.

Among the names recently given to new streets in Paris appear Taine, Gounod, Edmond About, Meissonier, Guy de Maupassan and Octave Feuillet.

A Georgia farmer killed 1500 rabbits during the recent snow, and made enough out of them to settle with the men who picked cotton for him in the fall.

The use of red parasols has been officially forbidden in many villages of the Tyrol. The peasants say that the startling color irritates the grazing cattle.

A teacher in the neighborhood of Howells, Nebraska, informed one of his inquiring pupils that the letters B. C. stood for "Before Columbus discovered America."

Of the 12,000 Canadian Indians on the Pacific coast 8000 have been baptized or attend Christian worship. The Gospels have been printed for them in four languages.

Potatoes were introduced into Germany in 1710, in Russia in 1769 and into Scotland some years later. The man who sowed the first field of potatoes in Scotland died in 1850.

One cold night recently a Lee county, Ga., farmer, after being away during the evening, returned to his house and found cuddled up on the hearth in his room five live wild rabbits.

The ashes of coal from the mines of the Transvaal Coal Trust and other companies in South Africa have been analyzed recently and found to contain over nine pennyweights of gold to the ton.

There will be no free school books in Chicago this year. Mayor Hopkins has vetoed the provision of the appropriation bill setting apart $350,000 to be used in the purchase of books for the pupils of the public schools below the high school grades.

Between the Rocky Mountains and the Atlantic there are a dozen counties that contain more than 5000 square miles. One of these is Aroostock, the northwestern county of Maine, which has an area of 6800 square miles, but little less than the whole of Wales, and forty-two times that of the Republic of Andorra.

A case of poisoning by nutmegs is reported to the London Lancet by a Scotch doctor. A woman for some reason had swallowed two nutmegs ground into a little gin. She was seized with vertigo, became delirious, while the heart's action became faint. It took three days of energetic treatment to set her on her feet again.

A singular state of relationship on a large scale is vouched for by a Louisville paper, which tells of a district school near Mt. Olivet, Ky., where 55 pupils are enrolled. "Each pupil is related either by consanguinity or marriage to every other child in the school. One or the other of the parents of each of the fifty-five children was either a pupil or schoolmate with the present teacher."

Why is it that people use Salvation Oil? Answer: Because it is the best liniment.

AT PRAYER.

BY W. W. LONG.

I watch my lady kneeling there,
Before the altar in sacred prayer;
Her hands are folded on her breast,
And in her face lies peace and rest;
The light of heaven is in her eyes,
Where deep devotion trusting lies;—
Pray on, sweet saint, a prayer for me,
The ear of God is heeding thee.

SEDAN-CHAIRS.

Why were sedan-chairs so called? The answer seems simple and obvious, that they were named from the town of Sedan, in the north-east of France; and this is the derivation given in most dictionaries and books of reference. But no evidence has yet been produced by any propounder of this etymology to prove either that such chairs were first used at Sedan, or that they were brought to England from that town. There is, indeed, practically nothing to prove any connection whatever between the chair and the place. It is not a little curious that the real origin of the name of that once fashionable means of locomotion should be so obscure, while on the surface it appears to be so plain and simple.

Sedans were used in London by one or two private persons about the beginning of the seventeenth century; but the first person of note to use the new conveyance was the Duke of Buckingham, the favorite of King James I. and his son Charles.

Prince Charles, on his return from his adventurous journey to Spain, is said to have brought back three curiously-carved sedan-chairs, a fact which rather tells against the proposed derivation from the French town. Two of these chairs he gave to Buckingham, who seems to have first used one of them when suffering from illness; but this did not prevent the populace, who had no love for the royal favorite, from grumbling indignantly at the pride of the man who employed his fellow-creatures to do the service of beasts of burden.

Among the State Papers there is a letter, dated May 1626, from a Londoner, and in it the writer says: "You can hardlie beleeve how bitterly it has disgusted the multitude here that being sickly, he (the Duke of Buckingham) suffered himself to be carried in a covered chaire upon his servants' shoulders through the streets in the daie time between Whitehall and Denmarke House."

At this early period the conveyance was known only as a "covered chair;" the term "sedan" came into use a little later. It was not many years before private persons ceased to have a monopoly of these covered chairs, and chairs for hire began in the public streets. The first hackney-coach stand in London was set up in 1634 by the Strand Maypole, a few yards from Temple Bar; and in the same year Letters Patent, dated September 27th, were granted to Sir Sanders Duncombe, giving him the sole right and privilege for fourteen years to use and let for hire, within the cities of London and Westminster, covered chairs, to prevent the unnecessary use of coaches.

For some mysterious reason, the authorities were greatly averse to the increase of hackney-coaches. Their numbers were strictly limited, and their use discouraged as far as possible. This policy naturally favored the growth of the chair system, and it was not long before the new conveyances were highly popular and in great demand.

Chairs made their first appearance in Paris about the same time that Buckingham's unpopular use of one had attracted public attention in London; but the French were some years in advance in supplying chairs for public hire. In the time of Louis XIV. chairs were extremely fashionable, and were often most luxuriously upholstered.

The palmy days of the sedan-chair in England were the earlier decades of the last century. In 1710 there were two hundred hackney-chairs in London, and the number remained much the same until the reign of George III. Besides these public chairs, there were very many which belonged to private owners, and were elaborately carved and luxuriously fitted. In Dublin, sedan-chairs were taxed for the benefit of one of the hospitals; and from registers still extant, it appears that in 1787 there were no fewer than two hundred and fifty-seven private chairs owned by wealthy people, from dukes down to rich commoners, in the Irish capital. The tax in 1798 brought the fortunate Dublin hospital as much as five hundred and forty-seven pounds.

In those days the footpath was only distinguished from the roadway by a line of posts, which afforded some slight protection to pedestrians, and chairmen had no right to pass within the posts.

Many years later, when Jonas Hanway courageously set the example of carrying an unfurled umbrella in the streets of London, the chairmen, who, like the worshippers of Diana at Ephesus, saw their craft in danger, were among the loudest and most daring of those who vainly tried to intimidate the bold innovator by jeers, and sarcasms, and even threats.

As the eighteenth century neared its end, the number of chairs began to decrease, while the number of hackney-coaches was largely increased.

In some places abroad they are still in use. Mention is made of such conveyances at Genoa in 1882; in 1888 the archbishop of Seville was carried forth in one. In the streets of Bahia in Brazil, sedan-chairs borne by stalwart negroes may be seen in use at the present day. A few months ago, it was said that some speculator was having chairs of the old type built in London, with a view to an attempted revival of bygone fashion; but they have not yet made their appearance in the streets of the metropolis, and it is tolerably safe to prophesy that if they do so appear, their renewed term of existence will be extremely short.

"YOU called me a liar, sir?" shouted the angry citizen to the other citizen; "you will live to regret that yet, sir!" "That jist shows the difference in fellers," remarked Rubberneck Bill, who happened to be in town with a load of steers; "when a feller calls me a liar he don't live to regret it. No!"

Grains of Gold.

Remember that the top side of a cloud is always bright.

It is for the future, not the present, that we now live.

The reform that comes to stay has to begin on the inside.

There have always been people who loved to tell bad news.

To find fault with another is to expose a greater one of your own.

The history of human life is the history of disappointed hopes.

True greatness has no need to carry a flag to attract attention to itself.

Friendship which flows from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity.

When we do not give according to our means we do according to our meanness.

For every fault we see in others we have two of our own which we overlook.

Some temptations come to the industrious, but all temptations attack the idle.

Equity judgeth with lenity, laws with extremity. In all moral cases the reason of the law is the law.

He that is taught to live upon little owes more to his father's wisdom than he that has a great deal left him does to his father's care.

Let every man take care how he speaks and writes of honest people, and not set down at a venture the first thing that comes uppermost.

The disesteem and contempt of others is inseparable from pride. It is hardly possible to overvalue ourselves but by undervaluing our neighbors.

It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance; for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and therefore he that can perceive it, hath it not.

Femininities.

A fool carries his name in his mouth.

Temper your enjoyment with prudence lest there be written on your heart that fearful word "satiety."

Tagleigh: "That girl dresses out of sight, doesn't she?" Wagleigh: "Of course she does. Where would you have her dress?"

"She married to spite somebody, I believe." "Whom? Do you know?" "I don't know; but it looks as if it were her husband."

Many a philosopher who thought he had an exact knowledge of the whole human race has been miserably cheated in the choice of a wife.

England has more women-workers than any other country in proportion to population; 12 per cent. of the industrial classes are women.

There are 800,000 more widows than widowers in England. In France for every hundred widowers there are one hundred and ninety-four widows.

"Dar's a heap of misery in dis yarf," says Uncle Mose. "Hit's wid men purty much as hit am wid umbrellas. Hit's generally do porest what gits lef."

Professor: "Here, young ladies, you observe a tobacco plant." One of the young ladies: "Ah! how very interesting, professor. Pray, how long will it be before the cigars are ripe?"

"The bride nearly fainted during the ceremony, and had to be supported by her father until it was over." "Yes; and now I hear that her father is supporting both of them."

Proud father: "That is a sunset my daughter painted. She studied painting abroad, you know." Friend: "Ah! that explains it. I never saw a sunset like that in this country."

Traveler: "Were you troubled with mal de mer while you were crossing the ocean?" Old lady: "Really, I don't know. I was that dreadful seasick I couldn't think about anything else."

It is said that the simple process of washing the cheeks with soft, cold water, then rubbing briskly with a soft towel as a daily habit, will do more to produce rosy cheeks than the best artificial invention.

"Robby," whispered young Featherly, "did your sister Sadie get a note from me last night? It was written on pink paper." "Oh, yes! she must have got it," said Robby, "'cause when she came down to breakfast this morning her hair was done up in pink curl-papers."

The Glasgow girls take, it appears, something more than kindly to their school lessons in cookery. Nearly a third of the total number of school girls in Scotland examined on this subject belong to that vast city where eagerness for instruction in this art is said to be almost universal.

Among the eccentricities that Harriet Beecher Stowe is said to have developed in her old age is a detestation of all reference to her famous book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She can stand no allusion, however veiled, to her noted novel, and her friends and relatives are very careful to prevent the mention of the book in her presence.

The Queen of Madagascar always dresses in European fashion. She wears a purple costume with a train on great occasions, and sometimes assumes a golden crown. She is very vain of her personal beauty, and has three times refused to accept coin struck to her order, because she did not consider her likeness sufficiently handsome for circulation.

Whist is a favorite game with Queen Victoria, and many years' practice has rendered her an expert in this pastime. No book on whist is published that the Queen does not read carefully, and her opinion as to its merits are of value in the judgment of experts who know her game. Prince Henry of Battenberg has been politic enough to learn whist to keep in the good graces of his mother in law.

"Fashionable dry goods stores," says a New York paper, "are reaping profit from a new fad among Gotham's upper ten. Many wealthy women in this city are inspired by the idea that they can learn the skirt-dances. Skirts containing about twenty yards of light, flimsy material are made up and sold at prices ranging from $15 to $30 to women of leisure who like to practice in private what they see in public."

"There's something that I want you to read," said Fogg, laying down a letter. "It's from my wife. But don't criticize the orthography, please. Fact is, Mrs. Fogg was a school teacher for a great many years, and, therefore, she never learned to spell. It wasn't necessary, you know. She always had the spelling book when she was hearing her class. But it comes rather awkward now for her when she comes to write a letter."

They do things with a taste in Australia that would be recorded in the motherland with admiration. For instance, a very pretty dance was recently given at sydney by six married ladies and fifteen maidens; it was called a "Rose Dance," and all the ladies carried bouquets of roses and autumn leaves, and had the same flowers on their dresses. The supper-table was decorated entirely with the choicest roses, the legend of the rose dance being written in letters of roses down the centre of the table.

Masculinities.

Movable scenery was first used in theatres in 1508.

Wine clarifiers in France use more than 30,000,000 eggs a year.

A man is most likely to get into a brown study when he's blue.

Many a man is expected to be the architect of his son in law's fortune.

There are many men who are afraid of ghosts who have no fear of spirits.

Actors, draughtsmen, dentists and mustard plasters ought to draw well.

According to the terms of his will, a Saratoga county farmer was, recently, buried with his boots on.

"Did the doctor seem to understand Hick's case?" "Yes, perfectly; he collected his money after each visit."

In Antwerp a woman has taken a prize in Flemish Literature, which is offered by the State once in five years.

"You were embarrassed when you proposed to me, George, were you not?" "Yes. I owed you over $20,000."

Mrs. Watts: "Don't you ever do anything at all?" Weary Watkins: "Oh, yes, mum. Sometimes I does time."

Frank, pleadingly: "I never kissed a girl before in my life." May, coldly: "Well, I haven't advertised for apprentices, have I?"

Inquiring child: "Papa, why do people cry at weddings?" Papa, abstractedly: "Most of 'em have been married themselves."

Life is made of compensations. By the time a man is old enough to realize what a lot he does not know he is too old to worry over it.

"I should have you know, sir, that I am a Londoner, and was born in London." "And I, sir, was born in Cork, and I am a Corker."

It is announced that a hospital for female patients will shortly be erected in Bosnia, all the medical officers of which will be women.

A six-foot policeman arrested a 4-year-old boy in Brooklyn recently, and, for fear the prisoner would escape, had him guarded by four other officers.

Elsie: "I always knew he was too timid to propose." Alice: "But he got married a short time ago." Elsie: "Yes, but that's nothing; he only married a widow."

One of the most prominent of the ex-baseball players in Congress is Congressman Wadsworth, of New York. He was one of the champions of the Western counties of the State.

After 50 years of wedded bliss Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Weckerle, of Elizabeth, N. J., had the marriage service performed over again in church on their golden wedding anniversary.

Mr. Bacon: "So you want my daughter's hand in marriage? What have you got to support yourself on?" Mr. Franke: "Nothing, sir! I have tried my hand at everything. Now I would like to try your daughter's."

Figg: "Sometimes the absolute faith my boy has in my wisdom makes me almost ashamed of myself." Potts: "You need not worry. It will average up all right. By the time he is twenty he will think you know nothing at all."

In the old graveyards in the vicinity of New York it is found that the inscriptions on the stone erected in colonial days are almost undecipherable if the monument is made of sandstone or marble, but are quite well preserved if constructed of slate.

He, reading the paper: "It certainly is very difficult to please a woman." She: "What makes you think so?" He: "Mr. Young, of Wabash, Minn., locked his wife in the house; Mr. Potts, of Pekin, Wis., locked his wife out of the house, and now both women are suing for divorce."

In Great Britain, out of every 100 women, 15 marry between the ages of 15 and 20, 52 between 20 and 25, 18 between 25 and 35, 11 between 35 and 40, 3 between 40 and 50, while only 1 marries between the ages of 50 and 60. So that a woman's chances of matrimony are best between the ages of 20 and 25.

The police of New York complain of an unusual annoyance by street beggars in that city. A new and ingenious method of begging has recently been introduced by some of the mendicants, who present their intended victims with a visiting card as an introduction to their solemn request for money.

The policy of setting tramps and prisoners at work upon roads is finding much favor both North and South. It avoids all possibility of conflicting with free labor in manufactures. Kentucky and Maine are likely to be among the foremost in pushing the reform, though New York has already made a beginning.

A story is told of a member of the Boston Bar, meeting Judge Lord one day, who said: "I see, Judge Lord, that the Supreme Court has overruled you in the case of —— vs. ——, but you need not feel concerned about your reputation." "No," returned the Judge, "I don't. I'm only concerned about the reputation of the Supreme Court."

Latest Fashion Phases.

Something entirely new this year in the two-tone stockings has the upper part of Roman plaids instead of plain colors. They look particularly brilliant in the shops, and are certainly expensive enough to be elegant, but somehow even the shapliest leg suggests an animated barber's pole or a decorated nitpin in them. Vertical stripes in white, combined with delicate colors, for house wear, are among the latest French designs. The round stripes are never seen now except in the very cheapest hosiery. And certainly any woman with the slightest idea of grace or curve never regrets the fact. For the women bicyclers, as well as for the men, there are now golf stockings. They are quite new, having just arrived from England. The woman in bloomers can add to her already unusual appearance in the early spring by appearing in them. They preclude the possibilities of gaiters. And as their coloring is of the brightest (Scotch plaids), they will, no doubt, be hailed with delight by spider-legged bicycling femininity. A word of advice—plump women should avoid them.

Although passementeries, arabesque trimmings and galloons can never be called novelties, as far as mere names go, they nevertheless deserve the title regarding designs and combinations, and they certainly never possessed the importance they have gained this season. Not only do the latest importations appear in admirable imitations of ancient laces and embroideries, but they are brought out in a constant succession of new and beautiful devices.

One of the novel patterns consists of a graduated set of Persian arabesques designed for the skirt and various parts of the bodice. They are mural devices, Gothic bands, Venetian and Vandyke points of every width, palm leaves and ferns, which are wholly new in arrangement and effect, and which are to be disposed in various artistic ways on elegant Easter toilettes, costumes and small wraps; sometimes forming one continuous design on the skirt; sometimes graduated in length toward the sides or set on in separate pieces to finish panels, plaitings or scarf points, or to depend from antique looking chatelaines and girdles. Leaves are made great use of—ivy, acacia, the oak and its acorns in cluster and spangled foliage and fruit, the leaves delicately shaded and massed, and slenderly pointed, to avoid heaviness.

Buttons are included in the list of ornaments—not buttons for use, oh, dear, no! but simply and solely for decoration. Most brilliant and beautiful are those of rhinestones, both large and small. The large ones are used singly; the small ones in clusters of three in trefoil shape. This is a favorite design. Closely following these are the miniature buttons—those which imitate a painted portrait miniature set in a small frame of brilliants. The Recamier button is the present favorite, and a lady just returned from Paris says that "it is a perfect Recamier fever that has struck the French women: her face stares out at one from all the windows, and ornaments gowns and wraps are alike." Some of the leading houses are making large importations of the most showy and beautiful buttons, which will be shown later. They will be classed among trimmings, instead of occupying their old place among the useful articles.

The new straw hats are really charming, both in color and shape. One of the newest designs is somewhat on the order of a poke, with a high, tiny crown and large front, which flares out at the sides, and is then held down with two green and white striped ribbon rosettes, with long loops, and then flares again over the forehead to show the wreath of wood violets which rests on the head inside. This combination of a poke and large bent hat promises to be very popular. Nearly all the new hats and bonnets are made very broad, and the latter often with long ends to be placed on either side of the knot of hair. Some are besprinkled with jet beads and paillettes of different colors.

The newest style of nightgowns is the Directory. It is cut with an open square neck, finished with a broad band of embroidery, about as deep as the short Directory waist, and from this band the skirt of the gown falls. The sleeves are very large and full at the top, tapering almost to closeness at the waist. These gowns are very becoming to young women with plump necks, but the thin girl should avoid the Directory gown and choose instead the Hading, which has a deep sailor collar at the back, ending in a very full jabot down the front.

Little overwaists of black net, with yokes of black satin an inch wide, spotted with jet and crossed checker-board fashion, can be bought all ready for use.

A still more dressy dinner gown can be made of pale pink moire, with an accordion plaited pink chiffon waist over pink, finished with tiny pink rosebuds around the low neck and pink velvet bretelles spangled with gold over the shoulders.

The new moires are watered in fine waves and striped with a color and decorated with silk polka dots.

A pretty skirt to wear with fancy waists is of black wool that is brightened with a little flower.

A crepe cloth woven with a surface that is ridged as closely as the bark of an elderly maple tree, is more stylish for winter wear than the finely woven qualities.

The frock with three box plaits in front and one in the back for the waist, and one box plait in the back of the skirt, seems to be the stylish one now. Sometimes velvet is put in stripes on the waist showing between the plaits, which makes a dress much handsomer than where is just the plaiting of cloth.

Long suede gloves, light in tint, such as mastic, cream, biscuit or white, are preferred for evening wear, though kid is also used. For dressy wear in the day time pearl gray, and straw color for visits, but for walking and shopping black kid, Russia leather, chamois, and dark tints are the ones adopted.

One of the latest and prettiest trimmings, as well as an expensive one, is the jetted lace, but as a small quantity works in effectively, it is desirable.

Pretty tea jackets are made of nun's veiling in pale colors, lined with silk and trimmed with open-work embroidery. A yoke of embroidery over the silk and the veiling fitted on below makes a charming jacket.

Large butterflies of jet and spangles are worn on the front of bodices at the belt so large that they reach from side to side, and reach well down on the skirt.

Lorgnettes have become "common," and, therefore, they are being abandoned by the society women who introduced them.

Too much use of the opera glass is one reason so many city women of fashion have bad eyes and must deform themselves with eye glasses—so says an oculist.

Odds and Ends.

NOVELTIES IN DECORATIVE EMBROIDERIES.

"The New Art" embroidery promises to be the fashion of the hour. It is just its extravagance and consequent novelty which makes it attractive. We are so accustomed to have slight changes rung on the regulation styles of embroidery, that something quite out of the common comes as a most pleasant surprise. In the New Art figure pieces and floral subjects are both arranged to suit the varied tastes of embroideries.

The prettiest designs are those carried out entirely in black and white silks on white linen, but of these we will speak presently, as this series is only an outcome of the new art. The most effective piece is the sunset, and it is wrought in brilliant reds, terra cotta, and yellow, the outlines being in black silk.

Still more odd is the new art figure of gaunt style with appliqued draperies, which swirl around and form intricate curves as they taper off to nothingness. The figure subjects are arranged for cushion covers and sofa backs, etc., whilst the sunlit landscapes serve well for the decoration of toilet slips, sachets, mats, and brush bags.

The black and white decorations on white linen are thoroughly novel and very charming. There is a fine design, "St. George and the Dragon," which has all the effect of an etching. The strong lines are done in black, and the filling in with long white silk stitches put in in contrary directions, which gives a soft appearance, according to the light in which the piece is seen.

A novelty is the empire work. A new silk material is used for this which is specially taking. Every article is made in stripes of three colors. For instance, a table cover is made of three wide stripes of old rose, maize, and electric-blue. Sprays of flowers in deeper and paler shades of blue than the ground are powdered sparsely over the three stripes. The work is well adapted for runners, for sideboards, dinner tables, and Duchess toilet tables.

There is an entirely new departure in the felt work this season. Again, the ground of the article is arranged of differently tinted stripes, the shades being very soft and pleasing. Painted designs of flowers are very fashionable on felt grounds.

Among the novelties in small articles is the cosy in the shape of a Queen Anne teapot (the design is registered) of maize satin lulled, with bunch of white chrysanthemums on the lid. White silk cosies are extremely dainty and much admired for the five o'clock tea tray. Sometimes they are draped with colored silks of delicate tints and ornamented with flowers.

Finger protectors are having an enormous sale. Every lady who works naturally wants to try one, and once tried few will be willing to give them up. Being made of patent indiarubber, they are easy to wear, they are no weight, and fit on comfortably, being made in three sizes. The ugly scars on the forefinger are avoided by their use.

The new pincushion for a toilet table is a thick mattress about 12 inches square One is covered in rich ruby-red satin, the simple geometrical design being done in cream couching. Filling in the spaces between the pattern near the corners are black and white pins set at regular distances apart. Through the sides of the mattress are stuck long bonnet pins, small black and white headed pins, and safety pins. These cushions are most useful for travelers, for they take up but little room in the trunk, and will bear any amount of crushing. Smaller ones are made in the same style

Pincushions of square pillow shape are embroidered with a flower spray in the centre, frilled with silk at the edge, and tightly tied at each corner with ribbons. The Peg Woffington pincushion—a copy of one used by her—is covered with velvet, and is intended to hang on any convenient knob. Its quaint shape makes it attractive.

It is quite a rage now to utilize dolls as the foundation in a variety of things both useful and ornamental. There is a regiment of tiny china dolls gowned in colored satins, the underskirts being stuffed with emery.

The daintiest small photo frames it is possible to imagine are circular in form, and are made of very fine white linen embroidered with heather, which is tied with French bows of blue ribbon. In contrast to these we noticed an extremely large photo frame of geranium tinted satin, on which were worked white Japanese anemones in naturalistic fashion.

The newest cosies are of satin with stripes of brocaded ribbon laid on. Between the stripes are worked sprays of gold spangled flowers. The effect is light and pretty, and such cosies will be charming additions to afternoon tea tables in winter. In blotters the greatest novelty consisted in the designs being carried out in a combination of painting and silk gimps. We say gimps purposely, since two or more kinds, varied in width, are used on one blotter. The conventional design is bold and simple; the tints are blue; green, and terra-cotta; these are graduated in depth of tone, and the outlines are done with yellow silk gimp and other variegated gimps. Another kind of decoration for a peacock-blue cloth blotter was effective. The large pattern was done with appliques of tan cloth, outlined with bright yellow cord.

The perambulator sack makes a gift highly appreciated by young mothers. One was of blue cloth, on which were worked fawn ribbons, a tulip, and daisies. The sacks keep the children warm and cosy on the coldest days of winter, and are pretty withal. A hanging night-dress sachet is also in the shape of a sack. On both sides loops are sewn at the top, and through these are run polished sticks, with silvered ferrules at either end. The sachet is of pink linen, decorated with highly raised white flowers.

THE FUTURE.—Our disputes are vain or not, as we consider that we are either troubled about the present, the future, or both: if the present, it is easy to judge; the future is uncertain. It is foolish to be miserable beforehand for fear of misery to come; a man loses the present while he might enjoy it in expectation of the future; nay, the fear of losing anything is nearly as bad as the loss itself. Be as prudent as you can, but not timorous or careless: it is well to bethink yourself, and anticipate what inconveniences may happen before they come. A man may fear, and yet not be fearful; he may have the affection of fear without the vice of it; but frequent admittance of it runs into a habit. It is unmanly to be doubtful, timorous, and uncertain—to set one step forward and another backward, and to be irresolute. It is better to fall once than hang always in suspense.

The use of Hall's Hair Renewer promotes the growth of the hair, and restores its natural color and beauty, frees the scalp of dandruff, tetter, and all impurities.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is safe, reliable and effectual because of the stimulating action which it exerts over the nerves and vital powers of the body, adding tone to the one and inciting to renewed and increased vigor the slumbering vitality of the physical structure, and through this healthful stimulation and increased action the CAUSE of the PAIN is driven away, and a natural condition restored. It is thus that the READY RELIEF is so admirably adapted for the CURE OF PAIN and without the risk of injury which is sure to result from the use of many of the so-called pain remedies of the day.

It Is Highly Important That Every Family Keep a Supply of

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quick as the READY RELIEF.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need anyone SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Aches and Pains

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Internally—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure

For the Cure of Chronic Disease, Scrofulous, Hereditary or Contagious.

Not only does the Sarsaparilla Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,

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"The Face and the Mask" is a book by Robert Barr, nicely illustrated by A. Hencke. The title would suggest it was a novel but it is really a compilation of original and powerfully written short sketches, each complete in itself. The tales show great invention and force of expression. Nicely printed and bound. Published by the F. A. Stokes Co., New York. For sale by Porter & Coates.

BIG CUT IN FARES.

IMPORTANT CHANGES BY THE READING RAILROAD COMPANY.

Official announcement has been made by General Passenger Agent C. G. Hancock, of the Reading Railroad, of the plans of that company for meeting the growing competition of the trolley lines. Broadly stated, the arrangements which are perfected, comprehend trains every 15 minutes in either direction between the Reading Terminal and Germantown, and every 30 minutes both ways between the Terminal and Chestnut Hill.

The time between Market street and Germantown will be 17 minutes, and the Chestnut Hill trains will make the trip in 27 minutes. The schedules will be so arranged that passengers will be, to a great extent, relieved of the necessity of consulting time-tables, as the trains comprised in the new service will leave at the exact intervals named.

The most sweeping changes, and those in which the public are most interested, are in the rates of fares. These are almost cut in half. Single tickets between Market street and Tioga will be 5 cents, instead of 10; Wayne Junction, 7 cents, instead of 12; Germantown, 10 cents, instead of 15; Chestnut Hill, 15 cents, instead of 25.

Only one form of commutation ticket will be used. This will be good for 50 single trips, and will be accepted for the passage of any person presenting it, without limitations as to time. Fifty trips to or from Wayne Junction will cost $2.75; Germantown, $3.50, and Chestnut Hill, $5.00. Thus, the holder of a 50-trip Chestnut Hill ticket pays 10 cents for a ride, where heretofore he has paid 25.

The changes do not end with the Germantown and Chestnut Hill line. Additional and faster trains will be run to other suburbs, including Manayunk, Jenkintown and the intermediate places in those directions. It is anticipated that the reductions, with more frequent trains, having adequate seating capacity and every comfort, and moving on a quick and reliable schedule, will largely increase the Reading's suburban business.

By the new schedule, the Reading Railroad will have 55 trains daily to and from Germantown, instead of 47 as at present.

BRITISH PLEASURE.—The British are accused of taking the pleasures sadly, and, on the other hand, the French neighbors accuse them of being half mad over athletic sports. The other day the enthusiasm of two golfers of a South London club overcame all obstacles. The snow storm had covered all the green, and a partial thaw coated the surface like ice. Buckling on their skates and laden with combustibles, they thawed out the holes, and then, returning in triumph, proceeded to play their game on skates. Whether or not they were successful in firing the enthusiasm of a "caddy" to accompany them the narrative does not tell. "Sunday Golf" is looming up as a subject for the pulpits. Play has been carried on sub rosa for several years, but, now that the working man has caught the golf fever, Ramsgate, Rye, Felixstowe, Seaford and Brighton are visited by thousands of "trippers," who combine the pleasure of the game with a sniff of sea air. The Rector of Rye leads in the crusade against it, and the newspapers are discussing the pros and cons of the case. If legally the private clubs cannot be interfered with, it seems unjust that the working man cannot be his own conscience keeper.

OLD MIRRORS AND NEW.

ACCORDING to the learned Beckmann, it is highly probable that a brook was the first mirror. Some, following Cicero, conjecture that Æsculapius was the inventor of mirrors; while others point out that the old Roman alludes to a probe, an invention more in the line of the reputed father of medicine.

The Greeks were at an early period possessed of small mirrors, chiefly of bronze, and occasionally covered with a thin coating of silver. Besides its use at the toilet table in the preparation of Psyche knots and graceful drapery, it was also used in divination.

The practice was to let one down into a well by means of a string to within a few inches of the water, when it was pulled up, and after a few minutes was expected to show the face of the sick person in whose behalf the ceremony was performed. Roman writers like Pliny and Seneca, in declaiming against increasing luxury, state that it was the ambition of every foolish woman to possess a silver mirror.

Examples of these Greek and Roman articles are to be seen in collections of antiquities at towns wherever those old civilizations have spread; and from a specimen found in Cornwall, it is supposed that the Celtic population of England copied the form and substance of the Roman mirror. It was not, however, till the early part of the sixteenth century that they became common as articles of furniture and decoration.

Previously they were carried at the girdle, being merely small circular plaques of polished metal fixed in a shallow box. The outsides were often of gold, enamel, ivory or ebony, and much ingenuity and art was expended in their decoration with relief representations of love, domestic, hunting, and other interesting scenes.

As early as 625 we find Pope Boniface IV. sending Queen Ethelberga of Northumberland a present of a silver mirror. After the method of covering glass with thin sheets of metal was discovered—some time during the middle ages, it is vaguely supposed—steel and silver mirrors were still cherished, to the neglect of the new-fangled glasses.

Their manufacture on a commercial basis was first developed in Venice about the year 1507, and in England early in the seventeenth century, the business was started by Sir Robert Mansell.

Mirrors of metal are still common in Oriental countries among people not afflicted with that malady styled progress. Bronze is the favored substance in Japan, and the first mirror ever made in that charming country is religiously preserved at Ise as an object of the highest veneration; while that said to be presented by the Sun goddess at the foundation of the empire is an important item in the Japanese regalia.

In addition to the historical and utilitarian interest, the mirror is famous in the wide realms of mystery and superstition. According to Braud, mirrors were used by magicians "in their superstitious and diabolical operations." The great and mythical Prester John possessed a mirror which showed him everything that took place in his dominions.

The magic mirror which Merlin gave to King Ryence—it was called "Venus's looking glass"—revealed to its holder anything that a friend or foe was doing, and other interesting incidents usually associated with the detective's profession.

Britomart, King Ryence's daughter, saw in it her future husband, and also his name—Sir Artagal. According to the old mythology, Vulcan made one which revealed the past, present and future. There is a tradition that Gunpowder Plot was discovered by Dr. Dee and his wonderful mirror. In a prayer book printed by Baskett is a curious engraving representing the discovery through its agency.

"The plate," says a correspondent, "would seem to represent the method by which under providence, as is evidenced by the eye, the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot was at that time seriously believed to have been effected. The tradition, moreover, must have been generally believed or it never could have found its way into a prayer book printed by the king's printer."

In the pleasant regions of folklore the mirror holds a fairly prominent place. To break one is considered an unlucky affair, a notion which is one of the most prevalent and persistent bits of modern superstition.

In many parts of England seven years of trouble is considered the penalty for such an accident; but the still more serious Scottish people regard it as a sign that a member of the family will soon die. In the south of England it is looked upon as a bad omen for a bride on her wedding morning to take a last peep at the glass before starting for church, and the struggle between superstition and vanity is no doubt very keen.

The Swedish girls are afraid to look in the glass after dark, or by artificial light, lest they should forfeit the good opinion of the other sex. Most people still appear to regard it as a bad omen to see the new moon for the first time through a window pane or reflected in a mirror.

In some districts the practice of covering the looking glass, or removing it, in the presence of death still exists.

The reason for this is not very obvious, though Mr. Baring Gould says there is a popular notion that if a person looks into a mirror in the chamber of death he will see the corpse looking over his shoulder. Such superstitions seem to suggest a near approach to the primitive modes of thought of the men who found mirrors in stones and glosses in the running brook.

TRADE IN CHILDREN.—It is by no means so uncommon as it ought to be to hear of children sold by their parents to strangers, who frequently make the lives of the unfortunate little creatures a perfect martyrdom. An Italian boy who, from what has transpired at the hearing of the case before the Tribunal at Rome, was sold for ten francs by his mother to a couple of wandering musicians, has, however, met with a happier fate than usually falls to the lot of such waifs and strays. His purchasers, who treated him with most shocking cruelty, had gone to France, and were stopping at the seaside town of Arrowmanche, sending the child out in the streets or on the beach to beg. One evening a French gentleman, Count de Reiset, came across him on the seashore, and was struck with pity at his wretched aspect. A conversation ensued, in the course of which he learned the boy's history (a dreary recital of suffering and blows) since he had been sold. Moved by what he heard, he took the little outcast home with him, and determined to provide for his future. The wandering musicians were easily found, arrested and sent back to Italy, where, with the child's mother, they have just been tried. In consideration of the extreme poverty of the latter when she disposed of her son for the sum of ten francs, she was leniently dealt with, being sentenced to but a few weeks' imprisonment and a trifling fine. The brothers Piroli, who purchased the child and brutally ill-used him for several years, were, however, more severely punished, being condemned to a couple of years' imprisonment respectively, and to a fine of five hundred francs.

OSTRICH EGGS.—In Africa the eggs of the domesticated ostrich frequently form a considerable item in the bushman's cuisine, and are esteemed by the hunters. When a nest is met with, it is often difficult to know how to carry away the eggs, and frequently the jacket is taken off to form a temporary sack. The ostrich will lay during the course of a year about fifty eggs, of an average weight of over three pounds, which would represent nearly one thousand eggs of a Spanish fowl. The eggs have a taste somewhat less delicate than those of domestic poultry, but are nevertheless perfectly eatable. The approved method of cooking is to place the egg upright on the fire, and break a hole in the top, through which a forked stick is forced. This is made to rotate by rubbing with the hands, and so beats up the contents while cooking. It is stated that ostrich eggs will keep fresh and eatable for two or three months.

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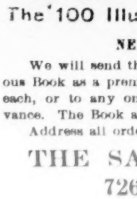

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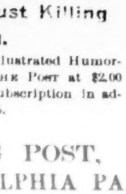

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Humorous.

WHAT WORRIES HIM.

There's a cunning young bacillus and a natty little germ,
Or some frisky diatoma or a microscopic worm,
Or some scientific wonder dragging round a Latin term,
In our food and air and water, and, by George, it makes me squirm!

And the sun will be much colder in about a million years,
And a portion of earth's moisture slowly dries and disappears,
And its crust is slowly cooling and excites our human fears;
So, by George, you needn't wonder if it fills my eyes with tears.

In a hundred generations man will have no teeth at all,
And his skull be as naked as a shiny billiard ball;
His superfluous toes will vanish, he will be but four feet tall;
So, by Jove, you cannot wonder that my flesh begins to crawl.

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First-class securities—Handcuffs.

Owed to spring—Colds and things.

A hard rider—An equestrian statue.

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Mends his ways—A repairer of scales.

People who are always in a hurry should sit on rush chairs.

"So dark and yet so light," as the man said when he looked at his new ton of coal.

We can't tell you what days are considered unlucky to be married on. Authorities differ; some say 365.

Mr. Hobbs: "There's that Miss De Style. I tell you she dresses out of sight." Mrs. Hobbs: "Well, I should hope she does."

"What ails Jones?" "He says he is suffering from dyspepsia." "Why, he doesn't look like a dyspeptic." "He isn't; but his employer is."

"Willie, do you know what the Easter season is especially noted for?" "Yes'm; it's the only season of the year when the hens lay colored eggs."

His master: "Did you take those boots of mine to be soled, Larry?" Irish valet: "I did, sor; and see the thrifle the blag'yard gave me for 'em! said they were purty nigh wore through!"

She, to her lover who has just proposed: "Will you speak to papa now? he is in his study." He, nervously: "No, I won't disturb him; in fact, I think it would be better if I telegraphed to him."

"Jimmie Smith is awful deceitful." "In what way?" "Well, sometimes he washes his face twice a week." "What has that to do with it?" "Well, the teacher thinks he's sick and lets him go home."

Jack: "Madge has beautiful hair, hasn't she?" Nell: "Yes, she gets that from her mother." Jack: "I didn't know her mother had hair of that color." Nell: "Oh, yes! She has all kinds in her store."

Agent: "I would like to sell you a burglar alarm. It will tell instantly when a burglar is in the house." Mr. Henpeck: "Sorry, young man. Do I look like a man who wants to come in contact with a burglar?"

Smith: "I say, Jones, I don't want all your old cans and boots and things thrown over into my yard." Jones, his neighbor: "You haven't got 'em all; I divided them equally with Brown, on the other side."

"I have been particular in giving you my meat order," said the guest, "because I have a great deal at stake." "Your remarks, sir," replied the dignified waiter, moving leisurely away to give the order, "are entitled to a great deal of wait."

First boy: "Did yeh have plenty of nice things to eat at that party?" Second boy: "Did we! We had such loads of everything that when Mrs. Goodsoul gave me some iced cake to take to my mother, I didn't even eat a speck of it going home."

Miss Grace Court: "Doesn't Mrs. Monroe Place believe in the co-education of the sexes?" Miss Pierrepoint-Columbia: "Co-education, I should say not! Why, she believes that a girl ought to be raised so carefully that when she sees a man she will ask: 'What is that, mamma?'"

Gaggs: "What's the matter? You look glum."

Waggs: "Well, that's the way I feel. I have just lost a thousand dollars in a business deal."

"Oh, cheer up, old fellow, and take things as they come."

"One thing must be admitted in favor of our sex," announced the advocate of female rights and superiority to her husband. "In the time of need we are always strong. Can you mention the name of a single woman who has lost her head in time of danger?"

"Why, there was the lovely Marie Antoinette, my dear," suggested her husband mildly.

DISCONCERTED.—The great yearly manœuvres in the countries of Europe give rise to an annual harvest of anecdotes. One which was told of the young German Kaiser not long back is worth repetition.

While reviewing the troops at Strasburg he was struck by the martial bearing of a veteran. He noticed with surprise that the medal commemorative of service in the Franco Prussian War was absent from his breast, and that he wore only what appeared to be a carnation in his buttonhole. The Kaiser had the soldier summoned, and interrogated him.

"Where and with whom did you serve?"

"With the Emperor Napoleon," was the old soldier's reply.

The Kaiser was disconcerted for a moment. He looked at the carnation and recognized the ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

"Ah," he said, smiling, "that is the one decoration I have thus far been unable to obtain."

Here is another story, quite too full of human nature to admit a doubt of its authenticity.

The mayor of a small Italian commune had to receive the King of Italy, who, with his accustomed kindliness, pressed his hand like an old friend. Totally overcome with pride and emotion at this honor, the poor man lost not only his head but his tongue altogether, and stammered out—

"Now I've seen your majesty you can die content."

IT is nonsense to say a man is inclined to be bald. When a man is becoming bald it is quite against his inclination.

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Of course you will ride. All the world will—fashion, pleasure, business — men, women, children. It takes a while sometimes for the world to recognize its privileges; but when it does it adapts itself promptly. Therefore, you who are in the world will ride a bicycle—a

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck. No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold by Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
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Williamsport Express, week-days, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p m.

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FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.20 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.50, 11.35 a m, (12.57, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining Car), 1.30, 4.50, 5.15, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.25, (dining car), p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.50 a m, (12.55, 3.50 p m, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut,) 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 4.00 (two hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 4.30, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.20, 6.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.27, 8.05, 9.00 a m, 1.05, 4.15, 6.45, 9.45 p m, (9.45 p m, daily does not connect for Easton.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, 11.00 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.42 a m, 5.30, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves, Week-days—Express 9.00 a m., 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

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FOR CAPE MAY AND SEA ISLE CITY (via South Jersey Railroad), Express, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m, from Chestnut street, and 9.0 a m from south street.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.30 a m, 5.00 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

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